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LIFE Atlantic, July 10, 1967
The International edition of LIFE is published in four regional editions: LIFE Atlantic, LIFE Asia Edition, LIFE Australia and LIFE New Zealand. LIFE Atlantic is published by Time-Life International (Nederland) NV at 5 Ottho Heldringstraat, Amsterdam-18, Netherlands. Printed by Georges Lang, 13, Rue Curial, Paris, France, C-310. Le Directeur de la publication: Willem Burger. Le Directeur de la publication delegue: Felix Boncenne. Published fortnightly except two issues during the year in regular and regional editions. Sub-
scription price in individual countries listed elsewhere.

Volume 43, Number 1

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A PROPOSAL FOR SUEZ, PRAISE FOR DANINOS

SUEZ

Sirs:

One side aspect of the crisis in the Near East deserves special attention. It is the status of the Suez Canal which can be closed to international traffic by a power who is directed by blind emotional chauvinism, and who has not yet shown any signs of that sense of responsibility the administration of such an important waterway requires.

The following solution ought to meet the requirements of logic and international safety:

1. Creation of a Canal Zone à la Panama which, legally, remains under Egyptian jurisdiction.

2. —but is administered by a U.N.-appointed commissioner and protected by a U.N. police force.

3. The costs of administration, protection and preservation of the canal are to be paid out of a fund deducted from the duties of passage. The rest goes to the legal landowner, i.e. the Egyptian government.

4. The canal has to remain permanently open for the ships of all nations indiscriminately. Any attempt to infringe this right must be met with immediate sanctions by the U.N.

KURT E. VON DER MARWITZ
Heby, Sweden

PIERRE DANINOS

Sirs:

These days when criticizing, slandering, ridiculing, condemning, denouncing America seems to be the world's favorite sport, it's nice to know there's at least one foreigner who's not anti-American.

All Frenchmen can't be all bad! Pierre Daninos's "paean" to America (June 12 issue) is almost touching in its no-nonsense approach.

Will he be banished to *le drugstore*, I wonder?

DOM DE LEON
Alicante, Spain

MIA

Sirs:

The article on Mrs. Sinatra (May 29 issue) seemed out of place in LIFE.

R. J. COONTZ
San Diego, California

M. MOREL'S TROUBLES

Sirs:

Your article on Robert Morel and his tribulations in Revest-Saint-Martin (June 12 issue) was of particular interest to me as I live in a similar village.

Three years ago I took up residence in Poujols, an 11th Century village in the hills behind Montpellier. Since then some 30 of my friends have moved in here and in neighboring villages, to practice their various arts away from the insanities of city life.

In contrast to Mr. Morel, and even though there are seven different nationalities represented among us, we are all on excellent terms with the original villagers. It is not unusual in the summer to find gifts of local fruits and wine left on our doorsteps by the kind of people Mr. Morel describes as hostile mean peasants. The reason for these good relations is that we are careful not to criticize or disturb their way of life even when it clashes with our own concepts or desires. After all, we have come to

their world because it presumably contained more essential virtues than the one we left.

PATRICK SHELLEY

Poujols (Hérault), France

EXPO 67

Sirs:

Re Thomas Frey's letter (June 12 issue), the tent-structures at Swiss Expo 64 and the German Pavilion at Expo 67 are both prestressed membrane structures. The surfaces are of anti-clastic (opposing or saddle) curvature, pulled taut to carry wind and snow loading. The overall forms are similar to equal stress minimum surface soap films. This enables substantial reduction of required material quantities by designing for near to uniform stresses. From the designs of Frei Otto (co-architect with Rolf Gutbrod of the German Pavilion), the German-Swiss based L. Stromeyer and Co. has pioneered in the manufacture of such structures. They produced both the Lausanne and Montreal tents. It might interest Mr. Frey that they commissioned Otto to develop the main tent group at the Swiss Exposition. The Lausanne tents consisted of cables threaded in sleeves of a canvas membrane. In the German Pavilion techniques were extended by the innovation of loop cables of equal radius of spatial curvature that support a cable net (with a plastic membrane suspended below) at mast tops and restrain it at interior points. This provides a multi-span structure that could be extended to cover virtually unlimited areas.

With prestressed membrane structures the possibilities of a tent for prefabrication, form and scaffold less erection, variability, and mobility are becoming available for permanent buildings. Such cable membranes may be extended to three-dimensional space nets, that could for example contain offices and apartments and shield a park landscape.

LARRY MEDLIN
Stuttgart, Germany

STONEHENGE

Sirs:

I have just read The Smythe-Preston solution of Stonehenge (April 17 issue), *very fishy*, and would like to know if it is fact or fiction?

SONJA CHERRY
Nassau, Bahamas

HOW IT FEELS TO DIE

Sirs:

The experience of "dying" which Mr. Snell described in interesting detail (May 29 issue) has been reported in scientific literature before. The late and great Swiss psychiatrist C. G. Jung mentions a case (in *Synchronizität*) of deep post-partum collapse in which the patient yet kept an awareness of her existence, had a festive, blissful feeling, saw a bright landscape and knew that here was the gateway into another world which she felt herself tempted to enter. In the meantime she observed herself lying in bed from above, "as if her eyes were fixed at the ceiling," wondering at the fuss the doctor, nurse and family made at her situation.

Similar cases have been reported by Sir Auckland Geddes of the Royal Medical Society in 1927 and by G.N.M.

Tyrrell (*The Personality of Man*, 1947).

The German doctors H. Jantz and K. Behringer reported a marked number of such *Himmelfahrt-Erlebnisse* (ascension-experiences) with head injuries in war casualties (*Der Nervenarzt*, XVII, 1944) with all the same experiences of being lifted up, of bliss, solennity, peace, expectation, beauty, magnificence.

Incidentally general practitioners are confronted with expressions of patients in this way, but often these are not paid attention to. A case has been described in which the doctor was reproached by the patient for having dragged her back into miserable everyday life, because she had felt so happy and blissful. . . .

I think these observations are worth being paid attention to. They might bear evidence to the nowadays so often repressed and neglected ancient concept of "soul," and a new evaluation of it.

J. V. TEUNISSEN, M.D.
Voorschoten, Netherlands

INDIVIDUALISM I

Sirs:

A searching article by Bayard Hooper (May 29 issue). "Problems of having too much to choose from" seems to suggest a frightening "suburbanism" of the mind in society at large. But surely this society so described is in fact, a minority. I think that the problems in the article must affect many people who tend to make their aim in life merely personal gain. They strive for such economical and personal security plus profit and obtain the same in such a short time comparatively easily; that they can find no real satisfaction in their achievements.

Perhaps man does miss the pioneer spirit and adventure of only one century ago. Having obtained so much in such a short period of time he has more time to stop and think about where he's going.

And so the affluent society with its "Economic Miracle" begins to question its own purpose. Therefore this need for finding something more in society can surely be channeled towards the majority, that is, the rest of the world's population who still retain a certain pioneer spirit, they have to, to survive both economically and politically. Of course the affluent societies have the space race, security and high level culture, etc. in which many find their aims and a purpose but surely these aims are very much misguided when instead of turning inward to find purpose we turn our minds outward to the majority, who, in this topsy-turvy world turn to the minority for help.

(MISS) L. HORNBY
Coventry, England

KENNEDY AND INDIA

Sirs:

From Mr. Mohar P. Mahtani's letter (Letters, May 15 issue) it is crystal clear that, whilst superficially praising Robert F. Kennedy at "having come into his own . . ." and speculating on his becoming President of U.S.A. in 1968 or in 1972, Mr. Mahtani has taken upon himself personally, the cumbersome task of begging food-aid for India well in advance. Such an act is disgusting, particularly since Mr. Mahtani has used the sweet talk of flattery as a flimsy facade for his real intention of

begging aid from the United States.

Moreover, R.F.K. (Bobby) knows what he is doing and what he is going to do and, doesn't need any Indian lap dog to dictate the responsibilities of his job to him, and instruct him on how he should perform his duty to the United States of America and to the world, if and when he does get elected for the Presidency.

There is nothing filthy or uncouth in begging for aid in a straightforwardly direct manner, but begging for aid, whilst praising and predicting R.F.K.'s career, and insinuating at what he should do and how he should run his job in the near future, is a low-down gesture.

KERSI N. WADIA
Bombay, India

LEONARDO'S NOTEBOOKS

Sirs:

In your article on "Leonardo's 'Lost' Notebooks" (March 20 issue), it is said that Ludovico Sforza, Leonardo's patron, sent the bronze collected for the Sforza monument to his brother-in-law to be made into cannon. Perhaps Ludovico's father-in-law is meant instead of his brother-in-law. Alphonso d'Este (though later famous for his artillery) was only a boy of about 18 in 1494.

K. P. JOSEPH
Calcutta, India

► The bronze was given to Ercole d'Este, father-in-law.—ED.

LIFE ITSELF

Sirs:

I have been a most ardent reader of your excellent magazine for the past four years. Over that time the periodical has become, at least to my mind, more of a fashion magazine.

I'm sure that there are more important and colorful things in the world, that could be brought to our attention through your magazine than fashion.

May praise be brought upon your photographers for the depth, color and exceptional quality of the photographs they produce.

B. G. WALL
1ST Royal Dragoons

Sirs:

It is about eight years I have been particular about your sentient, angelic and all-embracing magazine. The articles are food for thought and truly I have hung on its utterances. One feels drinking deep the ocean of knowledge rather than tasting a Pierian spring. Its effluent, sagacious and Simon-pure pictures by such masters as Ernst Haas of Austria, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Ivan Dmitri, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Alfred Stieglitz, Karsh of Ottawa and others have injected in me sturdy patience, love of truth and the aim of a pure life.

Your magazine has an honor which is virgin and over the years I have "only" learnt that perseverance and the fruits of labor are sweeter than the gifts of fortune. One only wishes to write the kindness of the persons at the helm of the magazine in marble and "unkindness" if there is any in dust.

R. KANDHARI
B. SC., B.E. (MECH.)
New Delhi, India.
P.S. These are my sentiments.



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Jawohl!



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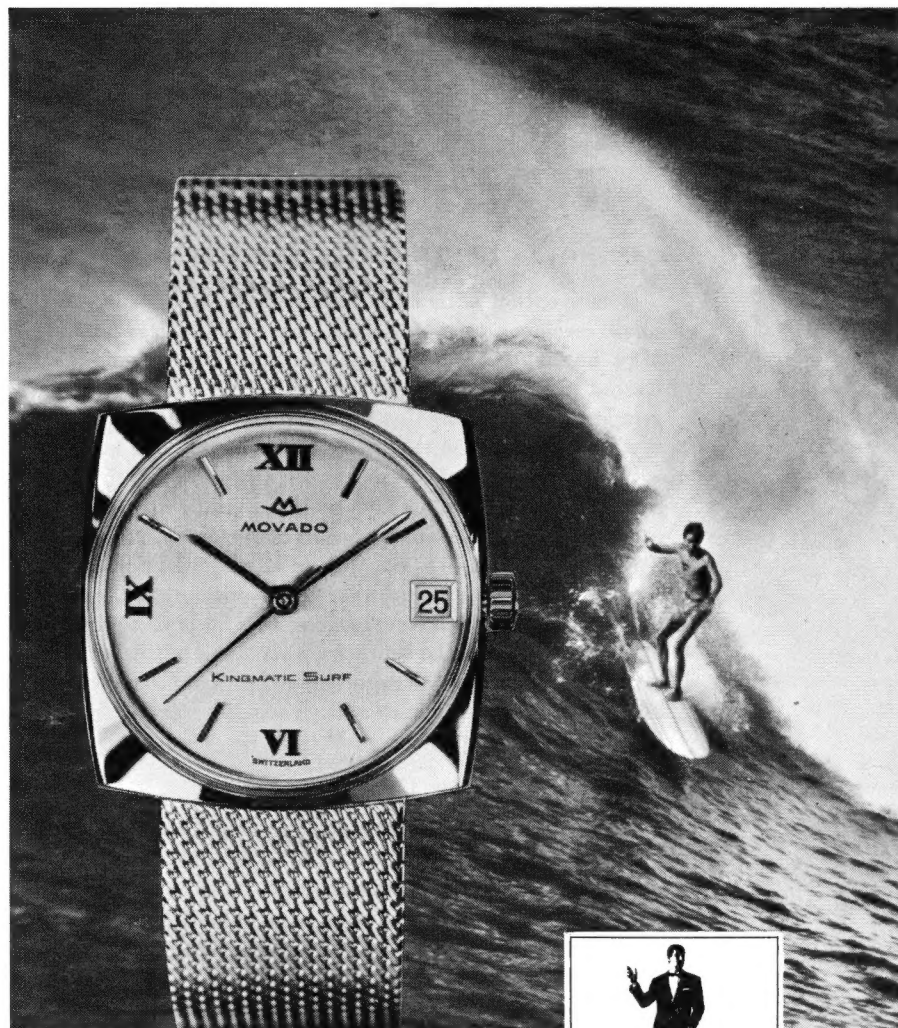


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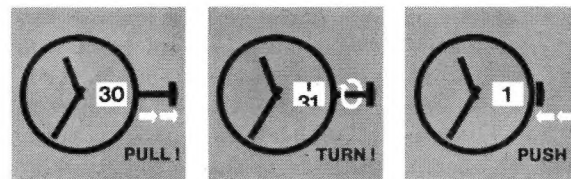


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With a Name like Casanova, Well —

CASANOVAS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

A convention with that incendiary motto took over the small seaside resort of Cervia, just outside Ravenna, last May, but if the idea conjures visions of Fort Lauderdale at Easter, dismiss them from your mind. The conveners were genuine, card-carrying Casanovas, all right, but they were not bent on romance. On the contrary.

"Not enough people," said the convention's organizer, Boesio Casanova, a Ravenna lawyer with a vested interest in toning down the lurid connotations of his surname, "realize that Giacomo Casanova was not just an adventurer. For his time, he was a man of culture and a writer." Appealing to the world's Casanovas to gather in Ravenna to rehabilitate their notorious namesake and wipe the smirk from the name of Casanova forever, Boesio managed to round up a bunch of Casanovas who either shared his diffidence about their inherited reputations or simply relished the idea of May in Ravenna.

Close call for Giacomo

By the time they got through with their four-day agenda, Giovanni Giacomo Casanova, the 18th Century Italian adventurer who bounded from boudoir to boudoir across Europe practicing *seductio ad absurdum*, was in danger of emerging as a rather stuffy fellow who may or may not have liked girls. They didn't go that far, however; it was the sense of the convention that Giacomo was not oblivious to the ladies but that he indulged in only 116 amatory escapades in 40 years, for a relatively respectable average of three a year.

Fortunately, the 50 or so delegates—none related by blood to Giacomo—are not a quorum of all Casanovas in the world, and Giacomo will probably survive his rehabilitation.

Casanova has been dead 169 years, but his legend lives on, a trial for those who bear his name—even though he was unmarried and left no known heirs to carry on his life's work. Casanovas have problems people named Schmidt or Rossi or Jones never have to face. Even when they're Casanovas at heart.

As Eduardo, a Casanova from Spain, ruefully confessed during the convention: "I am a Casanova and I like the smiles of a woman, but my wife doesn't permit me to look at them because I am a Casanova. A Casanova is a good husband because he can't be anything else. With a name like that, you just have to love your wife."

With all the sly jokes and knowing winks, it was probably inevitable that the Casanovas of the world should one day unite and try to doctor Giacomo's image. According to Boesio Casanova, who also happens to be president of the Ravenna tourist bureau, there are at least 5,000 Casanova families in the world. To lure as many as possible to the sparsely populated pre-season shores of the Adriatic, he spent a year tracking down 1,538 of them with the aid of Italian tourist bureaus, searching directories in 18 countries. In Italy there were 505. Spain had 423, France 153, Argentina 137, Switzerland 96, the U.S. 92, Venezuela 49, Portugal 27, Mexico 25, Paraguay 9, Brazil 7, Australia 4, Czechoslovakia and Germany 3 each, Yugoslavia 2, and Austria, Holland and Cuba 1 each.

Mr. and Mrs. Casanova and kids

Each of the 1,538 Casanovas received an invitation to visit Italy—Ravenna anyway—in order "to know the world of the Casanovas." More than 200 accepted, including one Y. Casanova from Krefeld, Germany, who planned to come for his honeymoon. But he, like many of the others, decided to pass up the opportunity to know more Casanovas, and only about 50 showed up, the majority middle-aged or older, most under the watchful eyes of wives and some even with children. Put up in two hotels run by Casanovas (Boesio's sister and nephew), they were hardly a dashing lot.

From Spain came 58-year-old José Julián de Casanova, Marquis de Galtero, who drove from Barcelona with wife and a family friend in his chauffeured Mercedes limousine. At the

opening session, the Marquis, who proudly announced that he was the *jefe* of Barcelona's 147 Casanovas, displayed his family crest and photographs of his castle—to which he invited all the Casanovas for their next convention in 1969.

Adelchi Casanova, a 63-year-old provincial agricultural inspector who writes poetry for a hobby, composed the verses for the convention's theme song, *The March of the Casanovas*. Somehow it never got played, sung or marched to, but 400 copies of it were printed. It began: "Casanova, Casanova, handsome Adonis, seducer of cunning and much ardor, you knew how to conquer"—which, although it loses something in translation, clearly played hob with the whole idea of the convention. Despite his lyrics, Adelchi complained of all the romanticizing about Giacomo: "Everyone thinks of Giacomo Casanova as a rascal, an adventurer. But his adventures, in part true, in part fantastically changed, were published posthumously, incomplete and mangled for commercial reasons. We must think of Casanova as a lover of culture and literature and remember that he also knew misery, unhappiness, exile and prison. Poor Giacomo only did what he had to do."

Mynheer Casanova

The one Dutch Casanova (who won Holland a 100% attendance record), was 28-year-old Richard Konrad, an electrical engineer who was born in Czechoslovakia but left with his parents after the war. "The trouble with being Holland's only Casanova," Richard said, "is that everybody remembers your name but you forget theirs."

The Swiss Casanovas were represented by two brothers, Agostino, a Lugano engineer, and Mario, a Bern TV correspondent. Agostino, the only one who looked remotely like the original Casanova, announced: "My father did not let me read Casanova's memoirs until I was grown. Now I find I have led the life of St. Augustine in my youth and the life of Casanova in my middle years—and my wife agrees."

From Rome came two more brothers—Alberto, 63, and Augusto, 65. They left their wives and 95-year-old father at home. As Casanovas, they agreed, "We carry the name always with pleasure. It is more a sign of respect than disdain."

The only Casanova to display the slightest spark of his namesake's spirit was Luigi, one of the hotel proprietors. "With or without the name," he declared, "I would be a Casanova. Of course, I am married now and don't have any adventures now, only memories. A pity."

Unaware of this heresy in the ranks, the others continued their determined rehabilitation of Giacomo. At a discussion, Professor Antonio Casanova intoned: "Giacomo was a universal man, one who could do everything, perhaps too much. A man who believed in himself alone. But he was a European man. Like Erasmus a born writer, who was a unique chronicler of 18th Century European life and customs."

Bad time for impetuous lovers

Happily uplifted by this thought, the Casanovas enjoyed their Italian vacation, with trips to the local spa, to San Marino and to the Ravenna basilicas. A scheduled performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was canceled, perhaps significantly. There was an exhibition of local singing and folk dancing instead, and nobody seemed to mind.

The convention highlight was a "pilgrimage" to Venice to pay homage to Giacomo Casanova. It was during the pilgrimage that another illustrious Casanova was unearthed, Paolo Gerolamo, now known as San Leonardo da Porto Maurizio, the patron saint of native missions.

But it was too late to switch namesakes. Even though they might have preferred the saint to the sinner, the Casanovas manfully hiked to the narrow alley where a plain wall plaque announces, "In a house in this street, once called the Street of Comedy, Giacomo Casanova was born on April 2, 1725."

by Eileen Lanouette Hughes

German thoroughness versus the high altitude beer.



Put the best ingredients into a beer, brew it carefully, and what have you got?

Something we'd test.

And very thoroughly. We find a warehouse (usually somewhere in Africa) and store samples in over 120-degree heat. We place other samples on jets which make ten or more landings a day. (We've even had them on flights back and forth across the Andes Mountains in South America.)

The idea is to find beers which travel well on jet aircraft. And which can be stored anywhere in the world.

These tests run six weeks. Then we send the samples to a research institute in Berlin for a *ja* or *nein*.

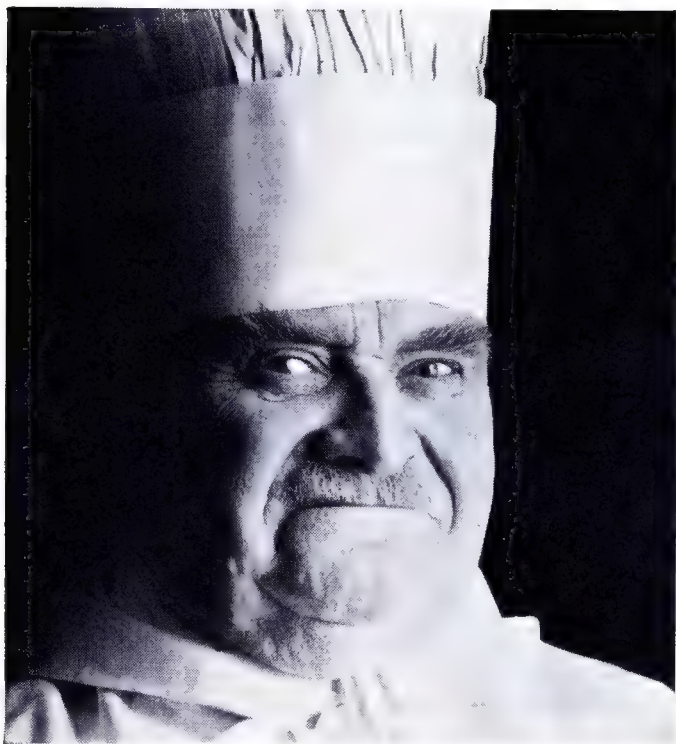
A beer that changes in taste—even if only a little—doesn't get a *ja*. And if it doesn't get one it doesn't fly.

It's the only way to run an airline.

No *ja*—no fly.



Lufthansa
The German Airline



People who know the difference



choose
'Black & White'
the Scotch that's
BIG on flavour



LIFE BOOK REVIEW

How to Stay Alive in Kansas City

HERTZ SURVIVAL MANUAL
FOR TRAVELING BUSINESSMEN

Renaissance Editions Inc.
New York (\$2.95)

If you should ever lose your wallet in Detroit, you can always hock your watch and luggage at the Federal Collateral Society, Inc., at 1117 Washington Boulevard. As a matter of fact, I am now able to guide visitors to the U.S. to the best pawnbrokers in 27 U.S. cities, because I've just finished reading *The Hertz Survival Manual for Traveling Businessmen*, a handy 667-page compendium of helpful hints for anyone who travels. Twenty-eight cities are listed, but, for reasons best known to the editors, there are no pawnshops listed for Los Angeles.

There is, however, an extraordinarily complete catalogue of all kinds of services and shops: barbershops, hospitals, locksmiths, tuxedo rentals, liquor stores, secretarial services, interpreters, nightclubs, florists, haberdashers, masseurs, umbrella repair shops, *ad infinitum*. We are even given the rather cheerful or grim (depending on one's viewpoint) notice that in Los Angeles there is usually one or more liquor stores every four blocks. Cleveland is obviously more sober than L.A. The Hertz manual says the greater metropolitan area has only 50 liquor stores, all soberly named "State of Ohio Liquor Store." Needless to say, San Francisco has a real swinger's approach toward alcohol. The two liquor stores listed offer free ice and free delivery.

For the traveling salesman who has over-achieved the night before, this peerless encyclopedia offers the names and addresses of steambaths-and-massage emporiums in 27 of the 28 cities. (The exception is Minneapolis.) Prices range from \$8 in affluent areas to \$1.25 for a Y.M.C.A. "covers everything" treatment in Seattle. There are no mixed-doubles steam baths (such as fabulous Baños Artes in Mexico City) in any of the cities covered by this all-embracing tome.

Aside from its informative listing of specific services, the *Survival Manual* includes some rather interesting assessments of local business mores. Kansas City and Cleveland businessmen, we are told, greatly enjoy being

entertained by visiting sales-seekers; but business people in other cities are much less enthusiastic about evening get-togethers. "Top executives in Los Angeles would rather not be entertained by visiting salesmen. Many of them are freeway commuters who can't be dragged downtown after dark." Some Milwaukee companies discourage business entertaining and even set limits on the value of gifts and entertainment—especially for junior executives. No third martinis, no call girls. I know of at least three Milwaukee whiz-kids who have moved to New York City, where the fringe benefits are less restrictive.

There is also a surprising diversity in commercial matters which anyone would expect to be highly standardized. Banks in certain cities open at 9 a.m. and close at 2:30 p.m., but in Pittsburgh the banking hours are from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Do Pittsburghers have that much more money to stash away, or is this gross disparity simply the result of a counting slowdown by disgruntled bank clerks? Barbershop hours and prices are equally diverse from city to city, and the *Manual* forewarns all bushy-haired salesmen that they probably can't get a haircut in Boston on Wednesday, and if they should wander into a Chicago barbershop called "Colin of London Hair Styling for Men," they will be nicked \$11 for razor styling, shampoo, shave and face massage. A simple haircut and shampoo cost \$5.50—not including tip.

And that of course brings up the fraught-with-danger-and-humiliation subject of tipping. New York cab drivers consider any tip grossly inadequate but not beneath contempt (not even a 40¢ tip on a 60¢ ride will eliminate their perpetual sneer), but the Hertz manual happily advises you that it's okay to tip only 20% of the fare. One should note that travelers are expected to tip more lavishly in Las Vegas. Shoeshiners are supposed to get a 50¢ tip, and bellhops generally expect \$2 for handling your luggage. The nearest pawnshop is Bill's Loan & Jewelry at 24 Fremont Street.

These crucial data appear in wonderfully succinct thumbnail sketches, most of which have been written by local journalists who are listed as contributing editors. Most of them are understandably chauvinistic, but I was especially amused to read that Cincinnati "is known for its accomplishments in the fields of education, fine arts and honest government." No other city makes that boast.

Mr. Lopez, a legal adviser to an investment firm, travels often.

by Enrique Hank Lopez

"How are you ever going to learn about photography if the camera does all your thinking?"

Many people who have never used a camera might think twice before buying the Minolta SR-T 101.

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And then there's full-aperture measurement. On many through-the-lens cameras the viewfinder gets dark when the lens is "stopped down" for exposure measuring. Thus, accurate focus-

ing, composing and measuring is difficult. With the SR-T 101, the viewfinder remains at maximum brightness from corner to corner at all times. You'll be surprised how easy it is to take a perfect picture because of this feature.

What about price? The SR-T 101 isn't an automatic camera (as brainy as it is), and that's why it costs more than an automatic camera. You see, automatic cameras, no matter who makes them and no matter how good they are, have limitations. The SR-T 101 doesn't have these limitations.

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LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

A Hard, Funny Look at Splitsville, U.S.A.

DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE

Divorce American Style is a rarity among comedies American style in that it actually has something truthful to say about the way we live now and says it with a savagery of tone that runs completely counter to the warm, babbling, socially meaningless flow of our comic mainstream. If you are looking for the sort of chuckly little situation comedy usually associated with stars like Dick Van Dyke and Debbie Reynolds, you may find the film a bit disconcerting at first. But if you believe that an occasional plunge into a cold, needle-sharp spray of wit has a therapeutic effect, this picture is uncommonly refreshing.

It is mid-marriage time and the Harmons (Van Dyke and Miss Reynolds) find their life together has become one long, low back pain—not unbearable, but not much fun either. Marriage counseling of the professional and the over-the-back-fence varieties proves to be equally unanalogous and before you know it, he's moved out and she's called her lawyer. So far, so routine, though the banality of their squabbles indicates that Writer Norman Lear has observed marriage a la mode with a sensitive eye, while Director Bud Yorkin has choreographed a door-banging, drawer-slammings fight as intricate as a Chinese puzzle.

The film does not get down to cases, however, until man, woman and their lawyers start divvying up the community property. She gets the house, he gets the mortgage; she gets the car, he gets the payments on it, and so on, until Van Dyke begins to get the point of this legalized larceny and cries, "She gets the stock in the uranium mine and I get the shaft."

Enter—shambling—one Nelson Downes (Jason Robards), hairy and harried, a frightful vision of the penury that is to come when the law has finished with poor Harmon. He drives a rusting hulk of a car, he limps horribly because the operation he needs on his leg is beyond his now-ridiculous means, and he has taken to hanging around public places looking for someone to marry his ex-wife and thus lift the alimony burden from shoulders you can hear creaking.

Naturally, Van Dyke falls into this trap and all hands assemble to try and find a mate for his ex-wife. They come up with a pip—a mother-fixated used car salesman (Van Johnson) of surpassing smarminess—and for a

moment it looks as if we are about to witness something truly unprecedented, a comedy that leaves its principals worse off than when it began.

Unfortunately, Lear and Yorkin cop out with an ambiguous ending, but you can't complain too much, for they have by this time made their point—that there is something wrong with a legal system that intervenes, in a situation where the guilt is equally divided, to punish excessively only one of the errant parties. That they dare to make jokes about it seems a minor miracle of courage. That they are often such good, gutty jokes is an astonishment.

I particularly liked the way in which Harmon is divested of his goods and chattels in a series of casual asides as the lawyers attend to the really serious business of comparing country clubs and setting up a golf date. It is a perfect gem of comic writing. It is matched, on the sight-gag level, by the cautionary scene in which squads of children from just one couple's string of marriages and remarriages are sorted out on a suburban front lawn and handed around to natural and stepparents whose visitation hours have accidentally coincided one hilarious, sunny Saturday.

Miss Reynolds finally acts her age and she has never been better than she is as the housewife who can't stand to see the magic fading from her marriage. Van Dyke proves again that he is less self-conscious as a comic actor lost in a role than he is as a straight comedian, lost in himself. As for Robards, his natural gift for the grotesque gesture here shines as it has not previously.

But the best thing about *Divorce* is what it says about divorce. It animates those depressing statistics and proves that what was once a scandal—or at least an anomaly—is now firmly established as a way of life. By holding up to an unsparing, unblinking satirical light the almost universal customs that have grown up around the most peculiar of institutions, the film suggests that it is time to make it into a psychologically less desperate and more humane thing. The cliché is that divorce is hard on the children. The truth is that it is even harder on the parents and that the kind of spiritual contortions *Divorce American Style* so expertly captures are no good for anyone.

by **Richard Schickel**



**What would you do
if you lost
your travel money?**

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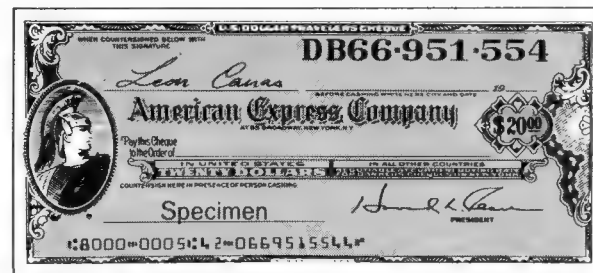
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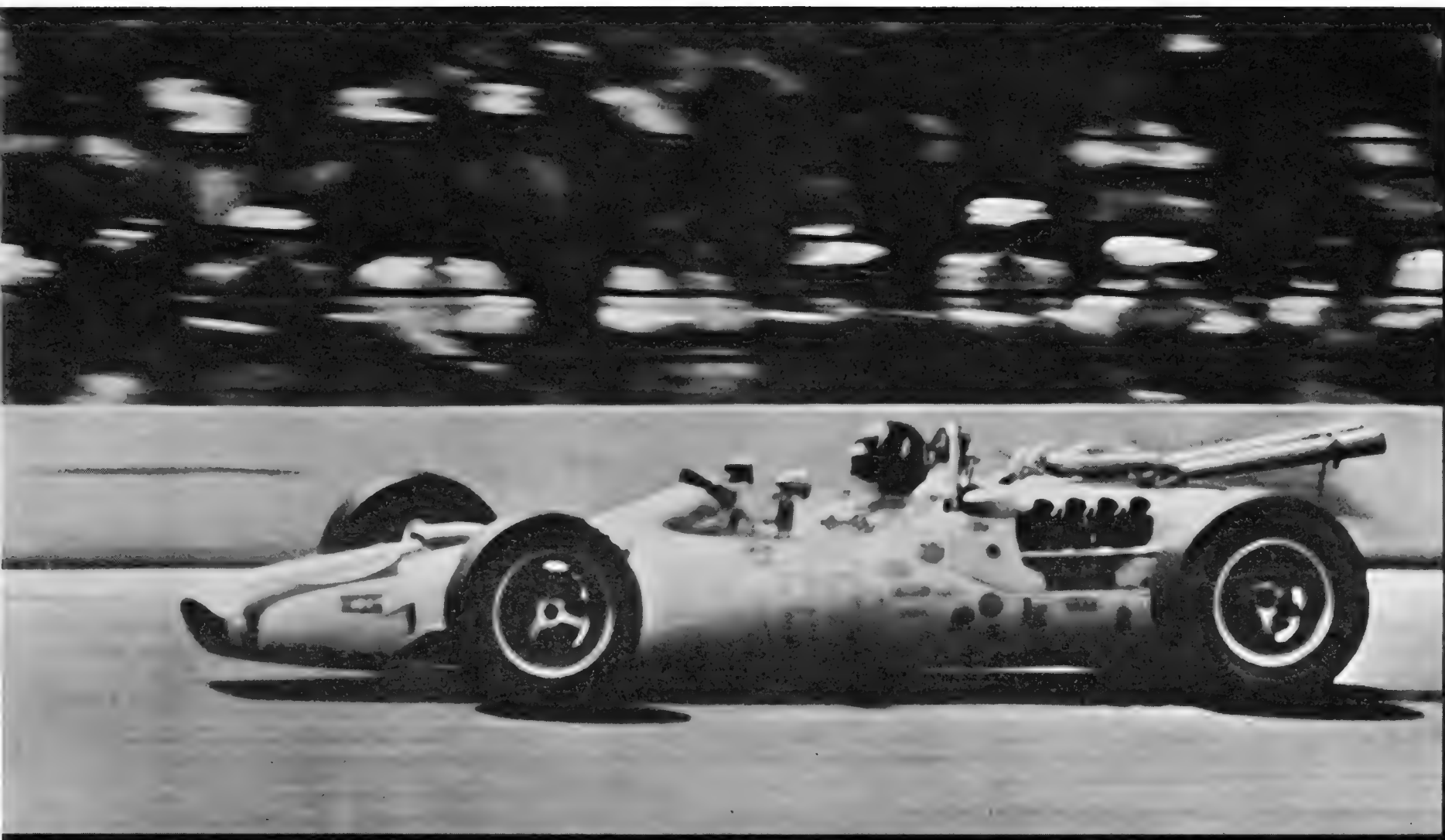
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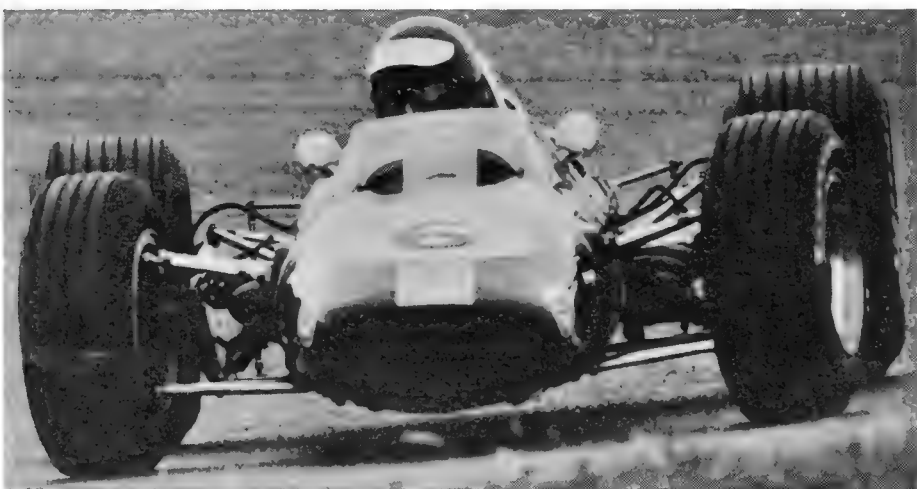
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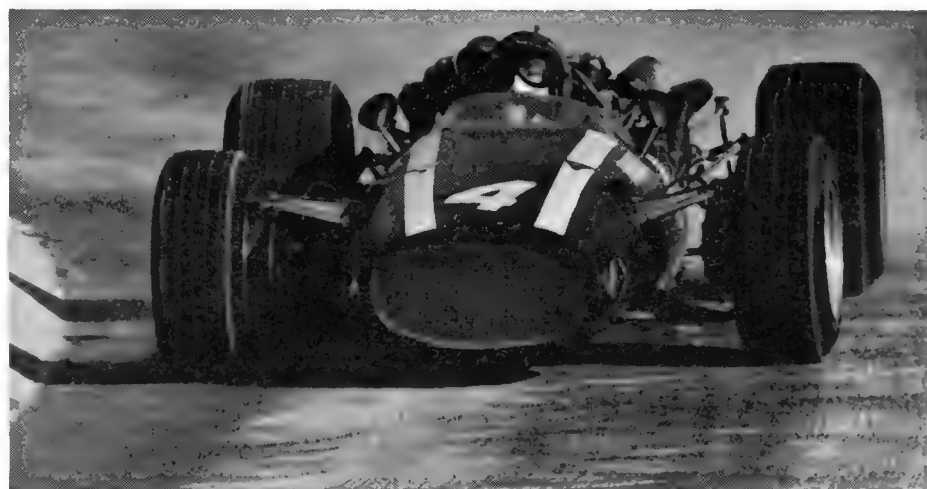
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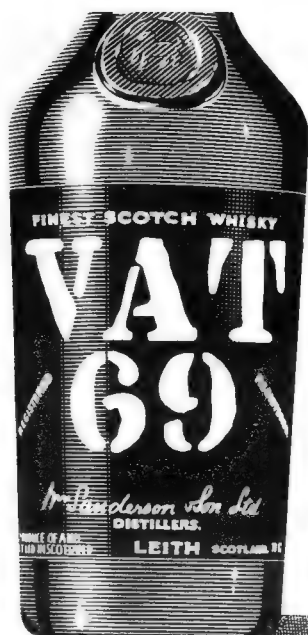
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LIFE MUSIC REVIEW

Variations on a Tape by Vladimir

THE HOROWITZ CONCERTS

All artists and aristocrats are eccentric," said Dame Edith Sitwell, "inasmuch as they are not in the least afraid of the crowd."

True enough, but some are less in the least afraid than others, and this year's Medal of Valor goes to Vladimir Horowitz, the most eccentric artist since Dame Edith herself. In a vinyl age when pianistic perfection may be had for \$5.98 (\$4.98 for mono), he looms Olympian. His historic 1965 return to Carnegie Hall contained some of the most lyric and probing musicianship of the century. It also contained a few of the most jarring clinkers and fingerslips south of the Juilliard School of Music. An adroit audio technician could have repaired the damage in an afternoon. Eccentrically, Horowitz insisted on leaving them in. This is what the audience at Carnegie heard, he felt, why shouldn't the rest of the world hear them too?

Naturally, the public—and many critics—thought the record of his second and third Carnegie concerts would also be released "as heard at the performances." It is not—although there has been an attempt to make it seem so. The new *Horowitz in Concert* (Columbia) is a carefully edited masterwork, an amalgam of his great 1966 Carnegie Hall concerts—and several other nonpublic performances substituted for the ones listed on the record jacket. The newly illuminated warhorse, Mozart's "Turkish March" *Sonata No. 11*, for instance, was not the one I heard in concert. It was an earlier performance, played at a preview given by Horowitz for a few selected friends and dubbed into the album. So was the Chopin *Mazurka in B Minor*, a substitution made for a plausible reason: a persistent cough in the audience marred the Carnegie Hall performance. But the substitution of the Scriabin *Sonata No. 10*—that is a triumph of Horowitzism. The piece itself is weirdly opalescent, shifting tonalities with an eccentricity all its own. Overlaid on it is the maestro's own interpretation, alternately satanic and subtly introspective, keeping the listener off-balance throughout, even after a dozen re-

plays of the record. Though his public performance was dazzling, the one that Horowitz preferred to put on the LP was done at still another intimate get-together on Nov. 9, 1965, made, he says, "for emotional and spiritual reasons." The date is no ordinary one. On that day, at his pocket concert, the lights went out in the hall—as they did all over the Eastern Seaboard. It was the night of the Big Blackout and Horowitz completed his concert with the help of a flashlight held by an obliging usher. How much more spiritual can you get?

The album claims "the repertoire in this set was drawn from two programs played by Mr. Horowitz at Carnegie Hall." Is this mis-labeling? Certainly. Properly speaking, it should list all the other not-so-public times Horowitz played, name the music that was substituted and why.

Does the doctoring matter? It does—but only if you are one of the illegal "pirates" who were present at the concerts, tape recorder carefully concealed in a balled-up overcoat, microphone protruding from a sleeve. You can take the *Horowitz in Concert* album, match it note for note with your tapes and see what is legitimate and what is not. For the rest of humanity it shouldn't matter a whit. Somehow what Horowitz chooses to do or not to do with his music has always had a logical system all its own, even though it is not one Aristotle would have recognized. From the beginning Horowitz has always marched to an indifferent drummer. It was he who at his first American concert raced Thomas Beecham to the conclusion of a Tchaikovsky concerto—and won. It was he who gave up public performances in mid-career—and then quixotically resumed them after a sabbatical of 12 years. And it is he who, even now, after all the standing ovations, the critical reassurances, the monumental record sales, gives only afternoon concerts, refusing to play at 8:30 p.m. because if he waits that long to play, "I am ready to go eeeeeech!"

So why should not this gifted ghost of the 19th Century be allowed his strange behavior on and off record? Who cares, after all, whether the performances were played at Carnegie Hall or The Russian Tearoom? To be sure, it would be good to have honesty on the outside of the album as well as on the inside. But nowadays genuine eccentricity is hard to come by, and when it is coupled with genius, misleading advertising is a small price to pay for this unutterably beautiful masterwork.

by **Stefan Kanfer**

TIME Contributing Editor



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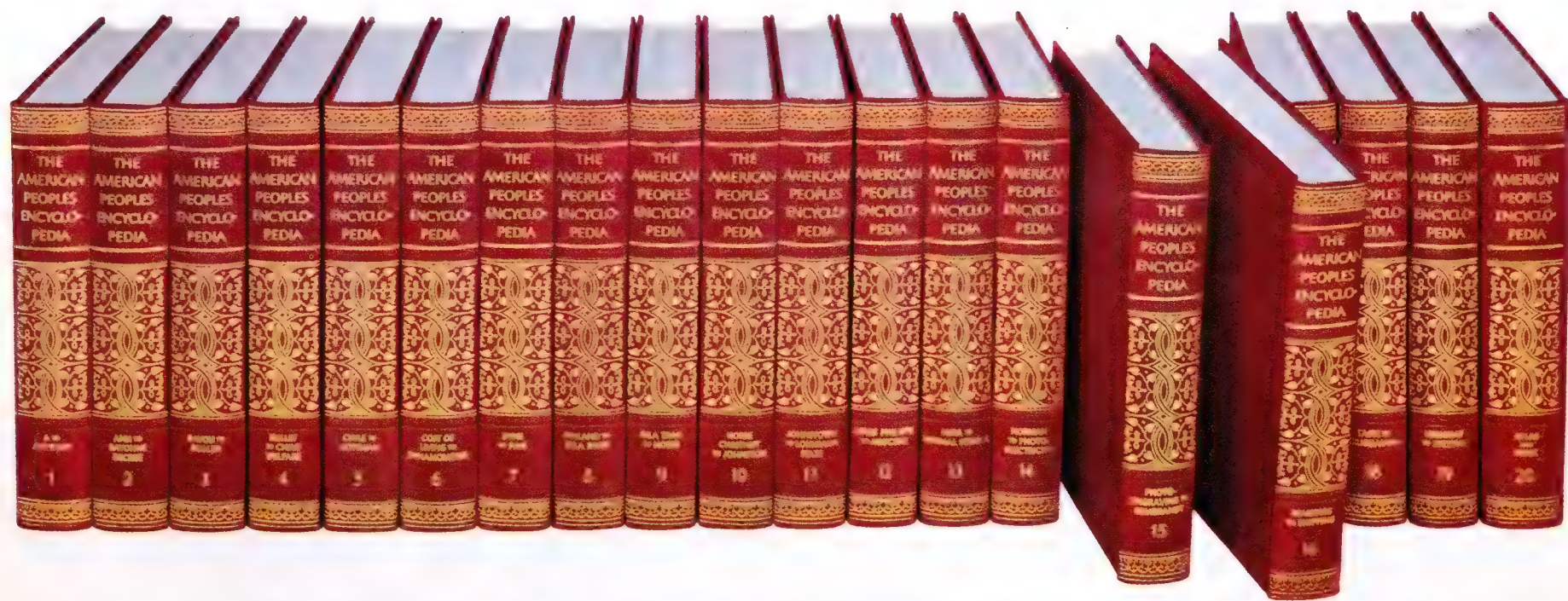
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At the end of a great day,
the taste of
a great Kentucky Bourbon.

*It's an
Old Forester
kind of day*



The surprises of the mail

There is nothing that gives one the same small, dependable thrill as looking through the morning mail and spotting amid the circulars, the requests for funds, the bills, the stuff addressed to "occupant" and the magazine renewal forms, one crisp envelope, covered with stamps, bordered with airmail stripings and addressed not by machine but in human handwriting, it scarcely matters whose. One such personal letter can put a fine little zing in the day. Even on the blackest, most desperate of mornings—and this past week certainly has had its share—I know I can count on two or three minutes of unalloyed high hopes as I make my way down to the mailbox.

Letters are expectation packaged in an envelope. Perhaps that is why all the attendant paraphernalia of letter writing is pleasing, too—creamy notepaper, sealing wax, broad-nib pens, colored inks, intricate calligraphy, crests and monograms, codes and homemade hieroglyphics and airmail flimsies, and fancy desk sets and electric typewriters. Stationery stores soothe me in a way that Muzak never can.

I rue the invention of the telephone not only because I hate the little black ever-jangling instrument for its own sake. I also regret the decline it has caused in personal correspondence. A handwritten, personal letter has become a genuine modern-day luxury, both to write and to receive.

The best sort of letter to receive, I think, is also the most pleasing kind to write. That is the impulsive one, dashed off on an airplane, scrawled on a paper napkin or a torn-off scrap of envelope. It contains sudden thought, a gush of love, a wild opinion, some urgent need to communicate with a particular other living being. So when the impulse strikes, do it, scribble it down, throw it in an envelope and mail it off. If necessary, cork it in a bottle and drop it over the side.

My desk is a large plain table piled with stacks of books, papers, file folders, mailing supplies, photographs, bills, letters and so on, each tottering stack lidded with some kind of heavy weight. But in all the desk-top welter nothing weighs more than an unanswered letter from a friend. I have quite a few of these right now, and I think the only rule to follow when your desk top achieves this level of backed-up clutter is this: never let an unanswered letter from one friend inhibit you from

striking up new correspondence with someone else.

In all correspondence, private or professional, tone of voice seems to be the most important thing. The voice which you hear as you read a letter always seems to be the other person's quintessential voice. If you love the person, it is his purest and most lovable qualities that you detect in the letter. If you already dislike him, then the letter becomes further evidence of his unattractiveness. Probably the disembodied abstractness of a letter permits the reader to impute to the writer whatever qualities the reader already is listening for. This strange, polarizing effect is both the weakness of letter communication and the reason why correspondence, especially love letters, seems so pellucid compared to the ambiguities of real life.

Contrary to the old cautionary warning—never put it in writing—I would say always put it in writing. I think this rule holds especially true for love letters, the nation's lawyers to the contrary. In the love-letter category there is one thing a lot worse than putting it in writing and that is not ever putting it in writing. Not long ago I read the story of an Ohio woman who had died a recluse in a home for the aged maintained by public welfare. When the lawyers opened her last known residence, a large house in which she had lived alone save for six dogs, they found a locked closet and, on its top shelf, a cardboard shoe box containing over 250 passionate love letters from Warren G. Harding. This was certainly the most interesting thing I had read in a long time about President Harding.

Saved-up letters age like wine in cellars. But it is more difficult to judge when old love letters are ripe for opening. Like wine, they tend to go flat when kept too long. On the top shelf of my closet I have long kept a packet of cherished old letters in a hatbox and another in a red bag. This month, in the course of a giant housecleaning in preparation for moving to a new home, I opened the mildewed hatbox. There were only dusty banalities inside, and I threw them out. I am not going to throw out the red bag. But I am not going to open it, either. Perhaps I never will. For the truth of old love letters, like the old loves themselves, is that they exist not in the bag but in the recollection. Exposure to the present, to the pitiless, naked eye of now, spoils them. Like an unwrapped pharaoh, they crumble to dust.

Although I have been dashing off impulsive letters for some time, it is only recently—since beginning to write this column—that I have begun to receive

them in any quantity. I read them all. Partly it is the writer's need for feedback. Is anybody out there listening? Partly, I have become hooked on the column mail for its own sake. Letter reading has a lot in common with beachcombing. You sift your way pleasantly through a great deal of unremarkable stuff, but the effort is worth it for the occasional unexpected find: the high school sweetheart, the dire astrological forecast, the invitation to an Irish castle, the long lost relative, the snarl of hate, the proposal of marriage, the explosive laugh.

In my personal, as opposed to professional, correspondence, I long ago learned that trying to extrapolate the man from his letters is a dangerous business. People in the flesh are a lot more complicated than they appear on the page, which is both one of the attractions and one of the shortcomings of carrying on a prolonged correspondence. But though I know perfectly well this time how perilous it is to invent a dummy author to fit the words and the style of the person on the page, once in a while the temptation is irresistible. I refer of course to my best beachcombing find, my prize fan letter, the one that dropped out of my office mail this morning and triggered all these remarks. It arrived on pink paper in a tiny envelope from some people I had never heard of:

Announcing the arrival of our new daughter

NAME: Shana Alexandra

DATE: May 24th-10:18 a.m.

WEIGHT: 4 lbs. 10 oz.—18"

HAPPY PARENTS: Sam and Carole
Clester.

Underneath, the mother had written, "We admire your writing so well that we decided your name was good enough for our first child. We think it is a very beautiful name which only befits a very beautiful child."

If they don't sign them, I don't read them—that's my rule of thumb. A while ago an Illinois judge did sign his name to this:

Dear (?) Miss Alexander,

Surely you don't really think you are passing your cute, slick little prejudicial blurbs off on the public as anything approaching objective commentary, do you? . . . the bile rises in my throat whenever I read your snide, petty hatred.

I'd just as soon not hear anything more from the judge but I hope very much that some day I will hear from Shana Alexandra again.

by **THEODORE H. WHITE**

Down the slopes of Tiberias, Herod's city, came rumbling Israeli Sherman tanks en route to battle. Beneath them lay the placid waters of the Sea of Galilee—and on the Syrian bluffs, above the waters where Peter fished, was the low haze of artillery smoke and the high, black, waving plumes of air strikes. A helicopter in the sky above the memorial to Mary Magdalene drew one's gaze. Ferrying wounded from the battlefield across the lake, it flew low over the green grove of the Mount of Beatitudes. There Christ had preached the Sermon on the Mount, and at its foot he caused the Miracle of Loaves and Fishes. The eye followed the slowly moving helicopter across the barren hills, strewn with black basalt boulders and purple thistles, until it disappeared between the Horns of Hattin where, one July day 900 years ago, Saladin met the Crusaders in their heavy Frankish armor, routed them and put them to the sword. This perspective was too large to grasp.

Only within sounds of shellfire, across in Syria, did the perspective become real again—tanks and trucks lurching up the slopes on a freshly bulldozed trail; the dead beside the road under their tarpaulin covers, with helmet-capped stakes to mark their place; a platoon of Israeli mortar-men examining a Russian-built Syrian truck, tinkering with it, then dancing with glee as one of their number made it roar alive; a deserted Arab village, its honey-colored walls silent except for the echo of gunfire; the call, down the line of jammed armor and trucks: "Clear the road, clear the road! Wounded coming back!"—and then the ambulance delicately, slowly seeking out the gentlest ruts in the rocks.

We came down from the front in late afternoon to wash and rest in Kibbutz Dan, northernmost of Israeli settlements. Kibbutz Dan has lived in strain for years—its silo mortared several years ago, its electric generator also hit from the Syrian slopes. Kibbutz Dan raises chickens, cows, apples, honeybees and has a fishpond for breeding carp. Mobilization had taken 50 able-bodied men and women from Kibbutz Dan's 500 souls two weeks earlier. Thus, when the Syrians hit them on Tuesday morning, June 6, at 7:30, only 24 middle-aged men were left to hold the trench line, with

CONTINUED

The Fantastic War and Its Aftermath



The Israeli army swarmed up sunburned Syrian border heights (above)





and had its armor mauled (*below*) by Syrian guns well dug in. But after 30 hours the Syrians were fleeing and the Israelis were 30 miles from Damascus.





MIDEAST WAR CONTINUED

teen-agers to run the ammunition. Baruch Fischer, a stocky, 50ish, middle-aged apple specialist, was in command of the two 8-mm mortars close by the chicken coops in the rear. When the Syrian company attacked, the four automatic rifles in the forward trench line pinned the enemy in the meadow under the grove; then the trench command post called for mortar fire and Baruch's two mortars, firing 150 rounds in 20 minutes, chopped the enemy up.

Some might see it as a miracle, for the answering Syrian shellfire dropped within the chicken coops only 15 yards from the mortar pits. A direct hit might have ended Kibbutz Dan's resistance. Baruch Fischer did not see it as a miracle. "There was no place for us to go," he said. "We stayed here or we died." Later, he added that, of course, even if the Syrians had overrun the settlement, the Israeli army would have been there an hour later to recapture it. But by then, he said, they would have found everyone dead, so they had to fight.

This is the feeling in Israel. No one here doubts that America would, ultimately, have arranged to end the blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba. But, said a Foreign Office official in Jerusalem, by the time they opened up the Gulf, they would have opened entry to a country that was dead.

This is a country still suspended between a nightmare and a dream, relishing a moment of ecstasy. And it would be unreasonable to try to write reasonably about what has happened to people here.

Legends have been born that fathers will tell children to tell their children after them. Prophecy has come true. A flag of Zion

CONTINUED

The main thrust into Syria was a frontal assault against ridges as high as 3,000 feet overlooking Israel's northeast border. Above, Israeli Sherman tanks move up to exploit the initial breakthrough on the Damascus road. In background is Syria's 9,232-foot

Mount Hermon. Top center: an Israeli half-track stops to inspect a knocked-out Syrian tank, a Russian-made T-54. Top right: Israeli tanks and half-tracks prepare to push on at dawn. The Syrians, behind Soviet-designed defenses, fought hard and well ("much better

than the Egyptians and almost as well as the Jordanians," an Israeli officer told LIFE Correspondent George de Carvalho) and they took heavy casualties (*below, left*). At right, an Israeli tank crew takes a break to wash up before pushing on toward Damascus.





Jews Astride the Road to Damascus



floats over Jerusalem for the first time since the Romans leveled the holy city 1,900 years ago.

To be a Jew in Jerusalem is to watch the dawn come up through the dark sky and silver the ridge and fortress walls of the Old City in the East—and know that now no threat lurks behind the hills. No muezzins call from the minarets of the walled city. They will

again; the Israelis have promised so. But, for the moment, the beat and pulse of the entire ancient capital throbs in Israeli hands. Where legionary and crusader, pasha and commissioner, once made law, Israeli soldiers patrol. Amiably alert, on guard at every crossroad and holy place, in desert battle dress, their Uzi—submachine guns—slung over their shoulders, they

pace the streets, check passes and say “*Shalom*”—Peace.

But this is a peace that is still unreal. The Israelis themselves wonder how to absorb their victory, what can be done with it. Their armor stands an hour’s push away from a naked Damascus, two hours from Amman, four hours from

Cairo. They are confused by the prospects. It is difficult to look forward—and impossible to look back. Had the cast of history gone the other way, they would be victims, not victors.

To separate the facts of the past fortnight from the growing legends is difficult, especially in this cradle of legends. It is best to start with the largest emotional reality and

A Second Pincer—A Syrian Tank Hit



the mood of the nation that grows from it.

On the slopes of Mount Zion, by David's tomb, is a memorial to the nameless millions of Jews murdered in Europe by Hitler. In the underground grotto, by the light of flickering memorial candles, one can read, smeared in black ash on

the wall, in the Bible's Hebrew, "The voice of your brother's blood screams to me from the ground."

Israelis are Jews who have declared they will not ever again be victims—and their army is an expression of this will. In this nation ordinary politics are even more addled than elsewhere—too many tongues, customs, experiences, superstitions, brought from the lands

of exile, divide it. Gossip and ideology splinter it. But the army expresses the fundamental politics of survival. As such, it unifies a people who will not die.

Girls of 18, called by draft for their 20 months of service, are ushered forth by families as if to wedding or to nunnery. It is a folksy army. Boys and girls meet and marry in the army, and the

army provides rabbi, service, wedding dance and banquet. Yet it is supremely efficient, too. The mobilization process, the most sensitive in the world, can call up 10% of all Israel's 2,300,000 Jews in just 48 hours—every reservist at his station, behind gun, at the tank, at the wheel—all ready to fight, or die.

The army which defends Israel takes this emotion for granted. It

CONTINUED

by Phosphorous

North of the Damascus road a powerful Israeli column struck as a second pincer in rugged country outside Baniyas. Moving across a bitterly contested ridge (*left*), armor-support-

ed Israeli infantry was challenged by a Syrian tank. The infantry let fly with anti-tank white phosphorous shells, then went on to occupy Baniyas before the ceasefire took effect.



Jerusalem: a Momentous Decision



MIDEAST WAR CONTINUED

must also take for granted the strategy forced on it by geography. The psalm says to lift up one's eyes to the hills whence cometh strength. To the Israeli army, however, the hills have been hills of peril. On the eastern front, two enemies—Syria and Jordan, emplaced on ancient ridges, commanding every yard of Israel's narrow coastal plains. To the south, the Sinai desert; and then, behind Suez, the strength of Egypt, armored by the Russians. Beyond this close-in ring lie Iraq, Saudi Arabia and other Arab nations—in all, some 80 million hostile Arabs. This was a situation to be borne with constant attention even while the Arab states continued quarrelsome and divided among themselves. But if they united for war, and if Israel could be caught before mobilization—before its regular army of 50,000 men might reach its mobilized strength of 300,000—the Arabs might inflict on Israel instant death. Thus, for 10 years, the continued strain on Israeli nerves, the burden on Israeli intelligence and political judgment.

A year ago, when this correspondent last visited Israel, war in modern fashion had already broken out—irregular war of familiar style. From the Syrian heights above the Galilee an occasional mortar shell fell on an Israeli village—an artillery round, no bombardment but sporadic fire. There were also the saboteurs, mining roads within Israel; the night ambush—one settler killed here, another there; a water line cut, a telephone line ripped out. Casualties few. Yet politically unsettling. The Syrian raiders sought, without success, lodgment in the villages of the Arab minority within Israel, for if Israel's 10% of peaceful Arabs might be converted by terror to an internal guerrilla force, no orderly state could function. Among themselves Syrian Arabs charged Jordanian Arabs with cowardice—Amman, they insisted, must be made another Hanoi, a base for irregular warfare *à la* Vietcong.

A year ago this correspondent found all northern Israel smarting from the pinpricks of the guerrillas. The Israeli army command, however, held back. The most important enemy, it insisted, was Egypt, with her Russian armor. Let Israel's government negotiate in any international forum for peaceful settlement of border flare-ups—but if Egyptian armor moved

across Suez to take up positions in the Sinai desert, Israel must mobilize.

Thus, the climate last summer. What caused it to change so swiftly, one cannot yet fully understand. Perhaps rivalry among the Arab states for leadership in the holy war against the Israelis; perhaps a misunderstanding by Nasser of a promise of Russian backing; perhaps a general feeling that America was too tied down in Southeast Asia to support Israel effectively.

In mid-May, as Israelis tell it, began the nightmare days. On the 15th Nasser's armor began to roll north across the desert, digging in on Israel's southern frontier—seven divisions, 900 tanks. On May 22 the U.N. Emergency Force was finally withdrawn; the day following came the blockade of Elath, Israel's only southern port, as Nasser closed the Gulf of Aqaba. On May 30 Jordan's King Hussein flew to Cairo and, returning to Amman, announced that his state, too, was joined with Egypt in the holy war. From Iraq a new division was marching to bolster Hussein's Arab legions on the western hills.

All this to the obligato of Radio Cairo and Damascus, both promising, in Arabic and Hebrew, death and extermination to Israel. An Israeli doctor tells of a middle-aged woman asking him for suicide pills to take if necessary—she had lived through Hitler's concentration camp, and she could not live through another. A father tells of his 10-year-old son coming home from school saying that if the government would not fight, he would not want to be an Israeli any more—he would go to America and become an American. In the Israeli press, fury. Men tell of other grown men crying in exasperation as the cabinet debated whether to wait for American support, or to act on its own.

By the first week of June, with their army almost fully mobilized, the Israelis were coiled like a spring in full compression. And now there were almost daily Egyptian overflights of Israel's handful of five main airbases. The southern borders began to sputter as sporadic Egyptian mortar fire set wheat fields ablaze on Friday, June 2; on Sunday, June 4, two Egyptian commando battalions arrived in Jordan. Command of Jordan's army had passed, at last, to Nasser.

Thus, finally, on Sunday afternoon the Israeli cabinet faced deci-

Map shows how Israel more than quadrupled its size in less than a week of war. Dark blue fixes boundaries as they existed June 4; light blue areas were overrun by the army of Yitzhak Rabin (left), commander of Israel's land, sea and air forces. General Rabin, a master of sabotage technique and a military planner respected for his cunning, was the man on whom Leon Uris based his fictional character Ari Ben Canaan in *Exodus*. Israeli casualties, though low in comparison to Egypt's estimated 7,000 dead, included a high percentage of officers, testifying to the extraordinary *élan* of Rabin's army. Below, in a cemetery outside Tel Aviv, each new grave is rimmed with clean white bricks and is piled high with fresh red earth.



Made by 18 Men

sion: to wait for diplomatic help, delay which might mean death; or let the army decide time, dimension and method of response to Egyptian attack. Eighteen men met that afternoon and voted yes.

What happened on Monday, June 5, 1967 was more in the nature of paroxysm than war—or rather, as if an awkward and ignorant hand had been toying with the fuse of a strange explosive of unknown power, and thus been blown to bits.

The shattered remnants of the Egyptian army are now flung across the sands of the Sinai desert for 200 miles, from Israel's southern border all the way to the Suez Canal. Under the blue and merciless skies of the desert, strewn across its sifting dunes, a museum of war's infinite agony is spread out. There, along the road one drives, held timelessly and silently in place, are 14 Russian tanks—six to one side of the road, eight to the other side, as if on perfect tactical deployment, yet all black and silent. In the sun an Egyptian soldier lies as if asleep, his poncho covering his head, shading him from the sun. Three others are nearby, grotesquely rigid, legs spread, toes pointing stiffly up in an antique Pharaonic frieze. Israeli scoop shovels cover the bodies with sand, for the only things that move now in the desert are Israeli. Along each road there are dead Egyptian tanks and more tanks, trucks and more trucks, tracks in the sand showing the agony of hopeless flight. By the airfields are strewn the burned-out MiGs. So are fragile helicopters, their rotor blades squashed as though someone had stamped on spiders.

Thus one comes to Mitla Pass—four miles of destruction in the desert mountains, main route of the Egyptian flight, swathed on either side for hundreds of feet with tipped-up trucks and burned-out tanks. The wriggling tracks show how they tried to thread the bottled pass, were stuck in sand and then caught. Circlets of black show where fuel spilled and blazed. A single pass of the observer's plane cannot encompass it; one asks for a second pass, and a third. High up in a cleft there is a single truck which could not possibly have mounted over sand and roadless rock so high into the mountain. Terror must have urged it up—to no avail; the black of burning fuel surrounds it.

Then back from the desert via Sharm el Sheikh, a spit of land where desert sand covers coral reef, pointing out into the beautiful green-blue waters of the Gulf of Aqaba. Here is where the blockade was closed. The reef stretches out into translucent waters with the tempting iridescence of coral anywhere.

A beautiful place to bathe, observes one of the Israeli soldiers stationed there. Too beautiful a place, one notes, to have triggered such a war.

The central front also has its tormented showpiece—Jerusalem.

All Monday morning, at the outbreak of war, the Israeli government, through local agencies of the United Nations, had sent messages to Hussein of Jordan asking him to hold fire. If he would keep his peace, so too would they. Israeli sources are convinced the messages were received; but they believe that by Monday Egyptians so completely controlled the Jordan army that Hussein could not reply. Yet Israelis were surprised nonetheless when Arab artillery opened fire that day from Jordan's ridges on both Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. Surprised, as one Israeli says, but not dismayed.

For if the war with Egypt was long prepared, action against Jordan was opportunity itself. To fight for the holy city of Jerusalem was the chance to fulfill prophecy.

Now one can trace the course of prophecy through the blasted hundred yards beyond the Mandelbaum Gate. Around the circuit of the old wall, with its pretty gardened foreslope, there are fallen poles, upended buses, burned sedans and cairns of stone, already wreathed in roses, to mark where soldiers fell. On to the Gate of Lions, where dangles a single, huge, timbered door—the other torn off as Colonel Mordecai Gur's lead tank butted through.

In 1948, during Israel's war of liberation, Mordecai Gur had fought as a company commander under Brigade Commander Yitzhak Rabin to hold Jerusalem. They had lost, and Ben-Gurion had predicted that for Israelis the loss would be "a lamentation for generations." Thus it was fitting last week for Gur, now Brigade Commander himself, to report to Uzi Narkiss, Sector Commander, to pass on to Rabin, now Chief of Staff, that all Jerusalem was in his hands. All three—Gur, Narkiss

and Rabin—were men born in Jerusalem, who never hoped to see the Wailing Wall again. And now they might.

For the past few hours, as I write this, looking out over the walls of Old Jerusalem, there have been continual explosions and puffs of smoke from beneath the crenelated wall of the Old City built by Suleiman the Magnificent. Israelis have been clearing land mines. Tomorrow, on the Jewish festival of Shavuot, celebrating the harvest of the first fruits, Israelis will be allowed to enter the Old City and pray once again at the Wailing Wall, the last remaining outcropping of the temple destroyed by Titus of Rome in 70 A.D. As high as a man can reach by lip or touch, its stones have been polished smooth by centuries of kiss and stroke. Above men's reach grow the tufts of shrub which have found roots in the crevices of the gray and mellow stone. A few days ago, when correspondents were first admitted, the Israeli army had already placed at its foot a wooden ark of the scrolls of the Bible. Lest anyone mistake what it was, the crude Hebrew lettering of an army sign said, "*Beyt Kneseth*"—This is a temple.

The Old City, at this writing, is being kept as a temple of all faiths. Signs on every holy place proclaim: "Holy Place. Unauthorized Entry Is Forbidden." Other signs, in Arabic and Hebrew, warn that the penalty for looting is life imprisonment. And nowhere is security tighter than in the garden of the Mosque of Omar, no place more difficult of access than this exquisite octagon of green and blue and yellow tile mosaics. Mortar shell fragments and spent bullets litter its paths. A few days ago there were pools of blood, and some stains are still wet. But the mosque itself is totally unscathed, immaculately beautiful. The Israeli flag waves everywhere else. Above the Mosque of Omar, however, still stands the golden crescent; no Israeli flag profanes it. The Israelis are treating this victory gingerly.

This sense of caution is now the prevailing mood in Israel. Yet it should not be mistaken. Under it is glowing pride and a sense of muscle. Ten years ago Israel celebrated another such victory—and then, like a cormorant used by fishermen, was forced by larger powers to choke up the fish once caught. This time Israel will not disgorge without a fight.

What Israel should retain and should give up is now being debated from parliament to *kibbutz*,

from Dizengoff Circle in Tel Aviv, where miniskirted girls are welcoming back their boyfriends, to airstrips in the desert, where reservists argue endlessly. Israel has no blueprints. Task forces of the Foreign Office are hastily preparing contingency plans for any overture of peace from any Arab state, or any new event.

Several main lines of thought emerge and blur. There is the thinking of the Foreign Office—that not territory but peace is what Israel wants; thus, above all, let Arabs and Israelis sit down face to face and work out peace. The military thinking is that peace rests on defense and defense on borders that can be held. The military yearns for a state widened at its waist to the banks of the Jordan, the Syrian heights above the Galilee occupied, the Sinai desert held in force down to the canal. More sophisticated thinking sees the matter as a delicate balance between how much land Israel needs for defense, and how many of the one million Arab civilians just conquered can be retained without upsetting the nation's social structure.

On certain points all thinking coincides: that the Gulf of Aqaba must be forever open to all nations, that the ridges above the Galilee must never again be in hostile hands, that King David's Jerusalem must be forever held as one—not because of its commanding heights, but because emotion simply cannot yield it back.

A final scene comes back from a visit to Bethlehem a few days after its capture. In the dark chamber where, supposedly, Rachel lies buried, Israelis of every diverse strain had gathered—from the bearded "tremblers" in their long black caftans to the husky paratroopers from Tel Aviv and the *kibbutzim*. In the gloom one of the orthodox "tremblers," swaying back and forth, broke into the ancient Hebrew chant for the dead: "He who maketh peace in His heavens, He will make peace for us and for all Israel—and say ye amen." Even the irreligious paratroopers belated "Amen!"

It was in this cruel and lovely land, 2,000 years ago, that peace and mercy were first preached by a Jew of Nazareth as universal doctrine. Every artifact and ruin, every ancient terrace hardened to stone, every fallen pillar and tumbled fortress, from Acre in the north to the marshes of Sinai in the south, bespeaks the alternation between man's mercy and man's animal fear. It is Israel's turn now, for the first time in two millennia, to seek a balance. Said an Israeli official this week: "We have plunged back into history." ◀



As Israeli troops took up positions (above) on the east bank of the Suez Canal, one soldier was so overjoyed

that he jumped into the canal itself (bottom, right). Top right: first Israeli ship to enter the Gulf of Aqaba

since Egypt blockaded it is escorted by an Israeli torpedo boat past Sharm el Sheikh (in background), formerly

Scope and Hazard of Victory

Israel had achieved all its military objectives at a cost of 679 dead and 2,563 wounded, compared to 171 dead in the 1956 Suez campaign. Israeli troops held the entire Sinai peninsula to the east bank of the Suez Canal (above). They controlled the Gulf of Aqaba, and an Israeli freighter sailed through the Strait of Tiran (above, right). Their troops had wrecked the armed forces of Egypt, Jordan and Syria and captured more than 12,000 prisoners.

On the diplomatic front, Israel faced hazards. Premier Levi Eshkol ruled out withdrawal to the old 1949 armistice boundaries: "The land of Israel shall no longer be a no man's land, wide open to acts of sabotage and murder." But the Russians, anxious to recoup prestige among Arabs, were pushing to have the U.N. brand Israel as the aggressor and force her to withdraw to her old boundaries. Premier Kosygin himself came to head the Russian delegation at the U.N.





Egyptian territory. Below: an Israeli colonel in command of the armored brigade that raced on to the canal

sprawls over a map in the Sinai desert. "If I had the go-ahead," he said, "I could be in Cairo in six hours."

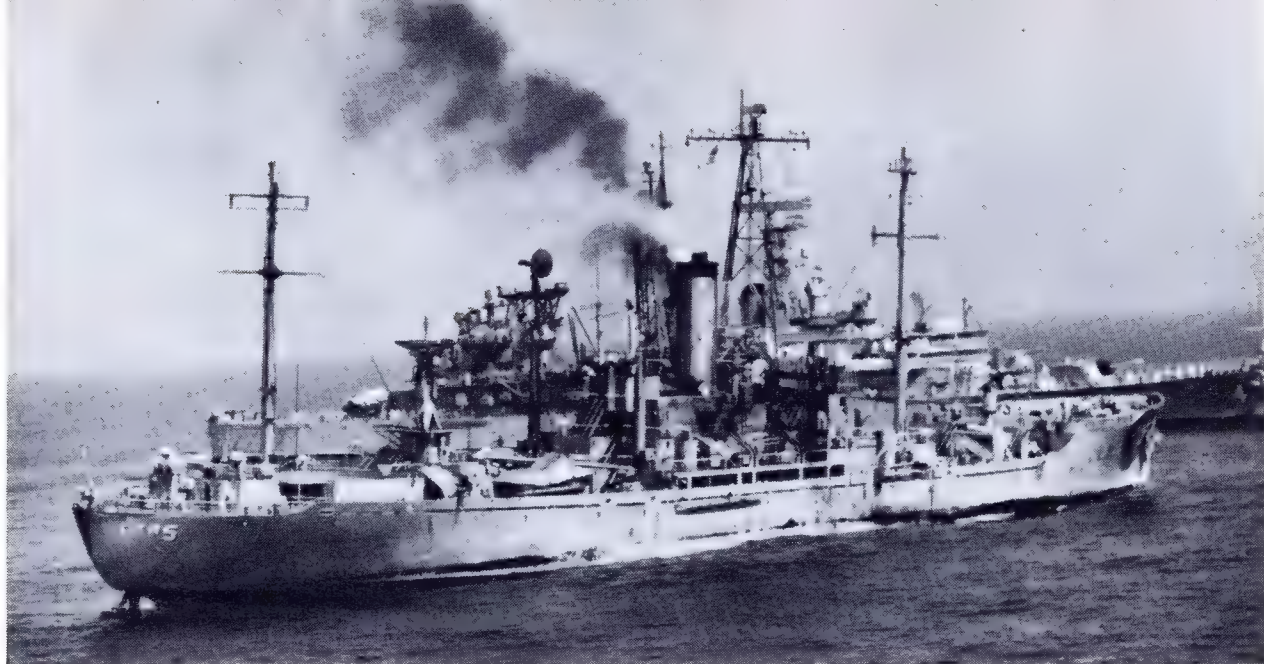




En route to the Suez Canal an Israeli soldier drives through the burned-out vehicles of the Egyptian army littering the Sinai desert.







The *Liberty* (left) was as shot up as a tin can on a firing range. Above, in front of the U.S. cruiser *Little*

Rock, the wounded vessel limps to dry dock in Malta. A hole caused by an exploding Israeli torpedo is just

above her waterline in the scorched area aft of the bow. Casualties (below) are taken aboard the carrier *America*.



Unexplained Casualty: U.S.S. 'Liberty'

A mysterious casualty of the war was the U.S.S. *Liberty*. Chuffing through the shimmering Mediterranean heat, 12 miles off the Sinai coast, on the fourth day of the war, the communications vessel was inexplicably ravaged by an Israeli attack. LIFE Correspondent Rudolph Chelminski, on another U.S. vessel in the area, reported that it was 2:05 p.m. when the crew first heard the distant breathing of jets. A few moments later three Israeli fighters dropped silently out of a clear sky, traveling fast enough to leave their sound behind. They swept across *Liberty*'s starboard bow, raking her with machine guns and cannon on at least six strafing runs. The flag was shot away; badly wounded Commander William McGonagle ordered it run up again. Ranging off the starboard quarter, three Israeli torpedo boats bore in, firing machine guns. Two loosed their torpedoes and then halted the attack as abruptly as they had begun.

A storm of controversy about the incident immediately swelled. Israel offered an apology and full compensation, claiming that it had mistaken the ship for an Egyptian vessel. The U.S. accepted the apology but dispatched a Navy board of inquiry to investigate. Meanwhile theories about what *Liberty* was doing so close to the war zone and why she was fired on grew apace, encouraged by the security which blanketed most details and the mysterious nature of the ship herself. Crammed with electronic gear, she was tagged "spy ship"; and according to one theory the Israelis had attacked her because she had monitored orders proving that Israel started the war. Another maintained that although Israeli reconnaissance had spotted *Liberty*'s U.S. flag 30 minutes before the air strike, it was thought to be an Arab trick. As the listing vessel headed for repairs, the only indisputable facts about the episode were the grim casualty figures: 34 Americans dead and 75 wounded.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

The exhilarating crucible of crisis

Crisis, in a bizarre way, fascinates strong men. And the ultimate arena for it in this age is the White House. Those who work in the back corridors where decisions are made are completely gripped by it, enthralled not only by the peril but also by the exercise of raw and instantaneous power in the purest sense.

When a crisis is at hand, the normal routines of diplomatic mush dissolve into terse orders that send fleets into position or planes aloft. Many of the hotline messages between Lyndon Johnson and Alexei Kosygin were only a sentence or two long, yet each word spelled out more than all the ambassadorial cables of the year before. So compelling is the brotherhood of crisis that those who once were part of it never forget. There is no doubt, for example, that McGeorge Bundy, the former Kennedy and Johnson national security staff chief, was lured back to help guide U.S. policy on the Middle East crisis by his relish for the kind of intense diplomatic contest that seemed to be in the offing.

In a very real sense international crisis is a high wire act in which a man and his methods are put to a test. It is also a crucible in which reputations are enhanced or reduced. As the bearer of ultimate authority and responsibility, Lyndon Johnson generally gets good marks for his restraint of the last few weeks. But the weaknesses in the U.S. Middle East policy are coming to the surface now and they will be debated on the political stump as well as in the world courts. Preoccupied by events in Vietnam, the President and his advisers had allowed the Middle East to become such an orphan that for five months last fall and winter the job of Assistant Secretary of State for Near East and South Asian Affairs went unfilled. And for the crucial three months before the onrush of the crisis there was no United States ambassador to Egypt. Indeed, Richard Nolte, the man belatedly appointed to that post,

arrived only a few days before the conflagration and by that time Nasser was beyond earshot: Nolte never got to see him.

Just as the President is judged by his performance under extreme stress, so are those who work for him. It was U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg's misfortune to be on view not only before his peers in the Administration but also before the world. Thus the assessment of his performance turned largely on style rather than substance, and as a result the generally high esteem in which he was held is now somewhat tarnished. His performances in the Security Council were considered less than inspiring. Over-wordy, cliché-ridden, downright boring at times, he did not provide those moments of soaring inspiration that are needed by both the delegates and the television audience. Those who watched remembered the old jibe of John F. Kennedy, whose fondness for Goldberg was unmatched but who also prized brevity. "Once Arthur gets in front of a microphone," Kennedy said, "it would be extremely helpful if he would just shut up."

On the other hand, there were two men who gained considerably in the eyes of their peers and the President: General Earle ("Bus") Wheeler, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who provided Johnson with capability estimates that showed the Israeli army gaining victory in three or four days; and CIA Director Richard Helms, who helped supply Wheeler the data on which the estimate was based. Goldberg and others were so skeptical that Johnson sent Wheeler back to restudy and to check his predictions with Helms. The estimate came back as before and events proved it out. Indeed, the abysmal failure of Russian intelligence as compared to the CIA has already helped the agency regain some of the stature lost in the recent disclosures about its involvement with educational and labor groups.

Public opinion samplers routinely zero in on crises and their aftermaths to evaluate Presidents. Pollster Louis Harris believes that new data will show L.B.J.'s personal position strengthened considerably because of the way the Middle East crisis came out. Beyond that, Harris es-

timates that the Mediterranean episode will help rally Vietnam support for the President and tend to discourage dissent.

Within the White House crisis is a chance to change pace, to shake loose tiresome ceremony and postpone persistent petty problems. By the same token it demands total concentration and the physical well-being that makes this possible. Five weeks ago, when this crisis began to build, Special Assistant for National Security Affairs Walt Rostow cautioned his brother Eugene Rostow, who as Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs would be a key figure, to make certain he got his eight hours' sleep because the crisis was going to be long and wearing and fatigue alters a man's judgment. Walt Rostow missed his morning tennis tune-up only once—the day war broke out. Similarly, one of the first orders Bundy gave as he took on his new peace-planning job was to partition off sleeping quarters and a kitchen for himself and his staff in the executive office building across the street from the White House.

The sheer drama of a crisis is fully appreciated by those who are caught up in it. The first exchanges on the hot line were intense history. Before he turns in for the night, Lyndon Johnson sometimes fondles his notebook of messages to and from the U.S.S.R.'s Kosygin, as if he had possession of the Dead Sea scrolls. The midnight car rides, the secret couriers, the comradeship of men sharing concern—these are part of the drama.

If John Kennedy has a foothold in history it is due in large part to the way he handled the Cuban missile crisis. Our ambassador to Russia, Llewellyn Thompson, has enjoyed the very highest reputation in the diplomatic ranks and won another hitch in Moscow because of his cool and unerring calculations of the probable Russian responses over Cuba and since then. Kennedy called U.S.-Soviet confrontations "the chess game" and freely admitted that it was the most thrilling part of his job. Lyndon Johnson isn't quite so open about it. But in private moments, when he is asked if he likes being President, he no longer evades the answer. "Yes," he says. "Yes."

In times of crisis the lights of the White House burn bright and late.





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**Revealing Report on Progress
in the Other Germany**

THE EAST



This is the Wall as it is seldom photographed—from the East. The East Germans do not like it. But behind it they have built Europe's fifth largest industry.

SIDE OF THE WALL

Photographed by RALPH CRANE



It is an ironic fact about the Wall that this ugly brutal scar slashing across an entire country has accomplished its purpose—and has accomplished it surprisingly well. Since flung up in August 1961, the barbed wire, the mined strip and the machine guns have stopped the flight of people to the West and made possible the economic recovery of East Germany which all Germans now call “the little miracle.”

The overwhelming majority of East Germany's 17 millions appear to accept the Wall as a fact of their lives. Moreover, working as hard as the West Germans worked and without substantial help from the Soviet Union, they have rebuilt their shattered country—and, incidentally, paid the Russians, who carted off most of their surviving industry, an estimated \$16 thousand million in war reparations. Today East Ger-

many is the ninth industrial power in the world, with an industrial production of \$62 thousand million. Among the Warsaw Pact powers it is second as a producer only to the U.S.S.R. It has a new steel industry, new machine-tool factories and new chemical plants.

This is a Marxist economy; 90% of East German industry is owned by the state, and some of the other 10% has state capital in it. A small black-and-white TV

Accomplishment as a result of the Wall: a ‘little



In Rostock, once a harbor for row-boats and fishermen but now East Germany's chief deep-water port, a freighter (*left*) is loaded. Rostock was developed to handle all kinds of shipping after partition left East Germany without an outlet to the sea. Above, models from the Magdeburg house of Heinz Bormann, East Germany's top fashion designer, display the latest styles in the medieval village of Quedlinburg. Bormann grosses about \$4 million a year, more than half of it in hard foreign currency. Right, at Schwarzepumpe, the world's largest lignite coke plant, troubleshooters head out on repair missions. Below, scientifically pampered piglets raised at a collective farm near Rostock bask under an infrared lamp.



set costs about \$400 and a small washing machine about \$350. But the average monthly wage has risen 10% to \$158 in six years, and almost one family in two has a TV and one family in three has a washing machine. This is also an occupied country, with over 300,000 Red army troops. But now Russians can be heard asking the question so often asked by foreigners visiting West Germany: "Who won the war, anyway?"

miracle'

New industrial towns, prefabs and the inevitable air pollution



A young woman operating an East Berlin lathe (*left*) and a barber in Leipzig (*above*) reflect country's labor shortage. About 90% of East Germany's able-bodied women hold jobs.



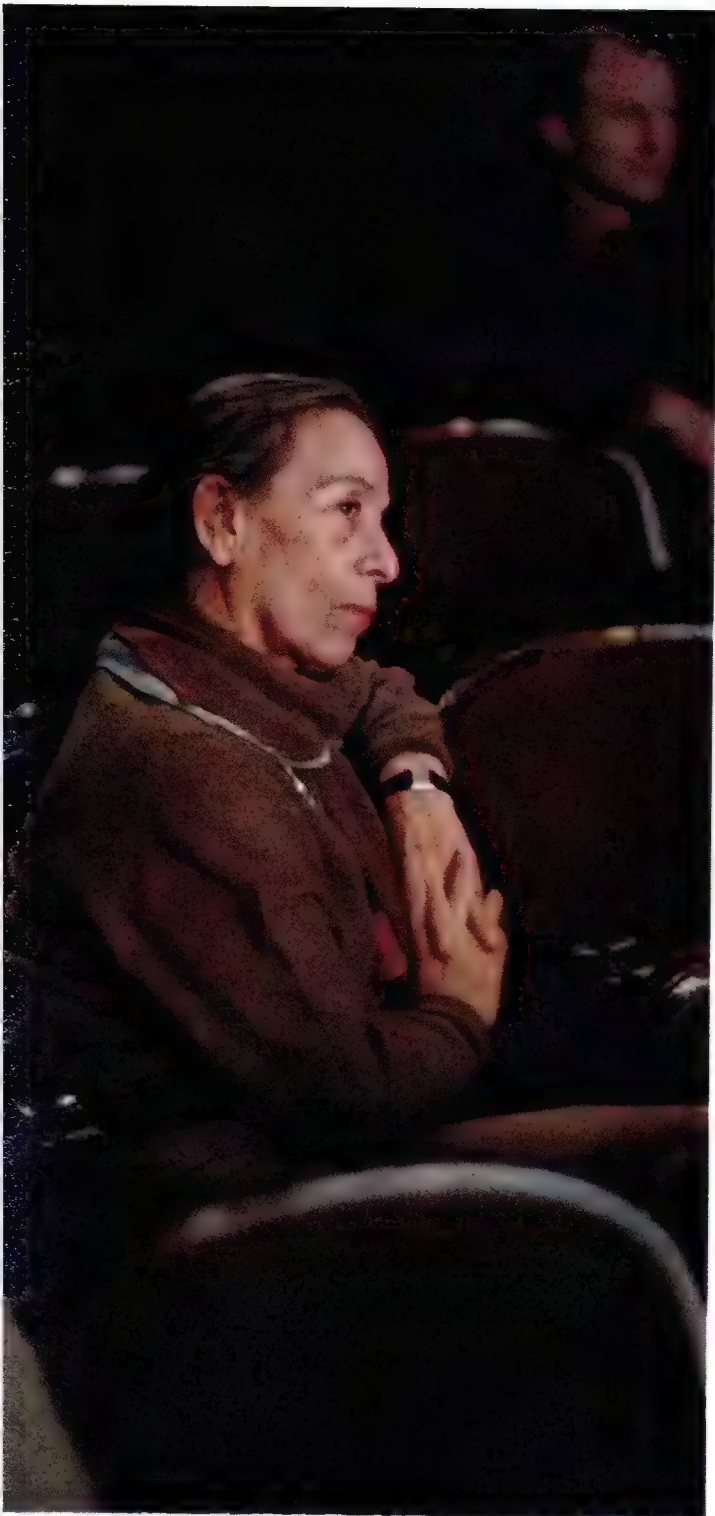
In building industries, East Germany also has created problems well known to the West—air pollution and a brutalization of the landscape. Pastoral communities have been en-

gulfed by developments like the iron-foundry city of Eisenhüttenstadt (above). Concerned about the stark look of these industrial complexes, the East German government has

commissioned landscape architects such as Klaus Mucher (below, left) to beautify them. New housing rises alongside the old, as in East Berlin, where a master chimney sweep—his

top hat denotes his rank—works at a ruggedly individualistic but vanishing trade. “Thank the Lord,” said this one, “there are more than enough chimneys to last out my lifetime.”





Helene Weigel, the widow of Bertolt Brecht and the disciplinarian artistic director of the Berliner Ensemble, intently watches a rehearsal of Brecht's *Mann Ist Mann*. The group's satirical productions, which are outspoken for a totalitarian country, attract visitors from all over the world.



Old masters and crafts, new performing arts

The world of the arts in East Germany—which includes not only the paintings of politically safe old masters but also performing artists exploring new directions—does not fit at all with stereotypes like dour proletarians and

Stalin-Gothic culture palaces. The crowds who flock to well-staged operas in East Berlin's splendid old *Staatsoper* dress like Western bourgeoisie. Burghers eye the china of Dresden craftsmen not just as museum classics but often

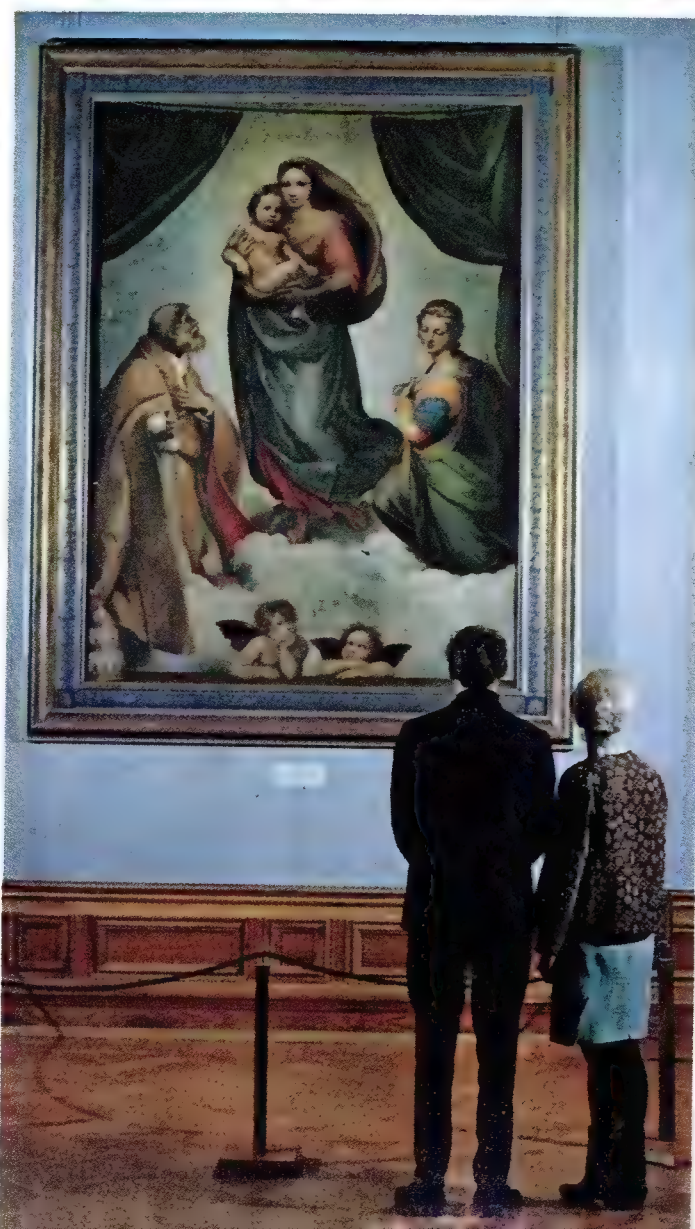
as merchandise they may acquire. Authentically modern architecture shows up even in church design, and the famous Berliner Ensemble pokes satirical fun at constituted authority.

Not everything is up to the



as well

quality of the German opera tradition. Unsurprisingly in a police state, the mass media—newspapers, movies, television—are poor. TV is so poor, in fact, that most East Germans watch West German channels, which come in fine.



In St. Hedwig's Cathedral, handsomely rebuilt since the war, parishioners attend Roman Catholic Mass. In contrast to Communist neighbor Poland, church attendance is low. One cleric said, "People have to go to so many meetings that the idea of being lectured to again on Sunday is repugnant." Art lovers admire Raphael's *Sistine Madonna* (left) and works in silver and porcelain (below) in Zwinger Museum in Dresden.





Smartly dressed in blue sailor costumes, the Tomaner Choir of Leipzig, a popular German institution for more than 100 years, sings a liturgy in St. Thomas Cathedral. Above, chorus girls in Friedrichs Palast, an East Berlin night spot, perform in tights since socialist morality still boggles at female skin display. The mini-skirt is not officially acceptable, but it is popular with young people like the East Berlin students at left who are celebrating the spring festival of *Fasching*—significantly, before a reproduction of Berlin's Brandenburg Gate. The slop, the frug, the Watusi and other Western dances are just beginning to infiltrate East German nightclubs, and in time their chorus routines may yet resemble those of the Lido in Paris. The student “explosion”—44 institutions of higher learning with 220,000 full-time students, up from six and 8,000 in 20 years—may work other changes as ideologically uncommitted youths seek motorbikes, Beatle haircuts and the right to read Western writers.

**Voices
and
yearnings
of youth**





In Crimmitschau, near Weimar, TV antennas rising into a haze from a huge steel-molding works symbolize East German private prosperity and economic boom.



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Still Three Years

by **MICHAEL MOK**

On moonless nights in the Harz Mountains, when a wind hums in the telephone wires that connect the machine-gun towers, men in foresters' green scrape their chairs closer to tall stoves and speak conspiratorially.

"They'll be trying to slip over tonight, that's sure."

"Everything is right and a good man can make it—if he knows the hills, and if he is traveling alone. Maybe he'll run into the right kind of border guard, the sort who'll aim a little high."

"God be with them. But you make me want to vomit with your talk of 'a good man could make it,' when all along the border people are shot like dogs on the wire."

"All the same, a good man can make it—if he knows how."

"That's right. My son went for a two-week hiking trip up there last summer. Two weeks passed, then three and he wasn't back. Then one night the phone rang. 'Papa, I'm in Hannover.'"

So they still try to flee; and some even make it. Others do not. West German authorities say that more than 145 refugees have been killed in escape attempts since the border was sealed in 1961. But out of sight of the Wall, out of earshot of the fierce border dogs, a visitor has to remind himself that the German Democratic Republic, as it is officially called, is a police state. For a militantly "Socialistic" nation, East Germany shows a surprising preoccupation with Western-style creature comforts, which sell—despite staggering prices—as fast as they can be manufactured. Outside Berlin automobiles are still scarce; only one family in 10 owns its own car. To get on the three-year waiting list you have to put up 60% to 80% of the purchase price, and the Trabant, a four-seater with a plastic body, costs the equivalent of \$4,000. There was a time when a deposit was not required, but that was before sharp individuals started selling their priorities.

I was strolling down East Berlin's Karl Marx Allee with an acquaintance who happens to be a devout Communist when a girl passed with an elegantly trimmed poodle tricked out in a green sweater. "In the West," I told

my friend, "you'll sometimes see a dog wearing little galoshes."

"Despite the labor shortage, we are beginning to enjoy the same benefits as you capitalists," my friend said. "It's inevitable that we shall soon be afflicted with the ridiculous aspects of the affluent society."

Mention of the labor shortage reminded my friend of a story. An important party official walking in the woods came upon three little men. "Who might you be?" he asked. "The seven dwarfs," piped up one of the elves. "You know, Snow White and all that."

"But there are only three of you," the official said.

"What's the matter?" asked the littlest one. "Haven't you heard of the labor shortage?"

The freedom which permits jokes of this sort is more surprising to the Western visitor than the ultramodern housing developments and gleaming schools. In East Berlin, near the Friedrich-strasse subway station, there is a political cabaret called Die Distel (The Thistle), whose stinging satire is locally famous. One skit involves an oil-rich sheik who lands by mistake on the Socialist side of the Wall. He asks for a harem and is turned down by a hotel manager who lectures him on Socialist morality. The disappointed sultan is about to leave when his wazir whispers something in the manager's ear.

Rushing toward the concierge, the manager cries, "Telephone the Women's Democratic Federation!"

"But what about morals?" his secretary asks. The manager answers, "He said he will perhaps recognize the German Democratic Republic!"

There is an unfunny interlude in every Distel performance, however, when one of the players, usually a woman, steps to the footlights and tearfully implores the audience not to forget that "American planes are raining fire and death on innocent civilians in Hanoi and Haiphong."

It is impossible to pick up an East German newspaper without reading diatribes about Vietnam, and many schools which Photographer Ralph Crane and I visited had anti-"U.S. war" posters. Kindergartens displayed photographs of weeping women leaving a burned-out village, a crippled Vietnamese child hobbling about the ruins of her school and an emaciated corpse, allegedly mutilated by the Americans. The

to Wait for a Car

concierge of an immense prefab apartment building concluded her guided tour by taking us to the cellar, where she had what must have been 10,000 empty bottles stacked up to the ceiling. "I collected all of them," she said, "to raise money for Vietnam."

"Good Lord," I said. "You mean every time I empty a bottle of vodka I am providing ammunition for an anti-aircraft battery?"

"Vodka, no," the woman replied seriously. "They will give you money only for wine bottles."

Workers in factories, members of professional associations and store clerks are pressured to make "spontaneous" cash contributions for Hanoi, but not everyone is prepared to do it. When some doctors were asked to give money, they replied that they would be delighted to contribute bandages or drugs but not money; that would only prolong the war.

A factory campaign to buy bicycles for the Vietcong ran into similar trouble. After thinking it over, the workers volunteered to send back-wheel assemblies to Hanoi and the front wheels and handlebars to Saigon. "Then," they said, "if these people ever start negotiating, they can screw the two halves together."

Despite the hate-America-for-Vietnam campaign, Crane and I were treated with kindness and courtesy from one end of the G.D.R. to the other. East German propaganda always distinguishes between "America's depraved, warmongering leaders" and "the peace-loving American people." But I felt we were received warmly not just because of that but because the East Germans we met were naturally friendly—and naturally curious about us.

Passing through a mean little town hard by the Polish border, we stopped before a police roadblock where a young cop stared in astonishment at our two big cars, one jammed with exotically dressed people and the other with photographic equipment. Stuttering a bit, he asked for credentials. "Is mine the first American passport you've checked out today?" asked Crane. Handing the papers back, the young policeman said, "It's the first one I've seen in my life." He waved us on.

Out in the country, we occasionally encountered a rash of Peking-style propaganda posters.

I asked a young Communist if these signs ("Forward to a Better Life through Socialist Optimism") did not irritate him. "Who reads them?" was his reply.

The college-age youths we talked to, in German-Soviet friendship clubs, at dances and over pots of beer, were universally resentful of the travel restrictions which prevent them from visiting Paris and Rome, London and Florence. It would be fatuous to suggest that they all want to defect, but even "vaccinated" young Communists—those who appear to have swallowed propaganda without chewing—want to see the outside world.

A circuit-riding cleric suggested that life in the G.D.R. is breeding "a generation of Januses," because young people hear one thing at school and something entirely different at home. "They go to the meetings," he said. "They shout the slogans, clap their palms raw, then go home and say, 'Well, that's all until the next time.'"

The G.D.R. Communist party has about 1.7 million members—10% of the country's population. Many men in top jobs—chairmen of agricultural cooperatives, factory directors and the like—are non-Communists in their 30s. As in other Communist European countries, lack of a party card is no longer an obstacle to promotion provided an individual has proved his ability and is "acceptable."

The private enterprises in East Germany are often "integrated" into the economy as "state partners." An example is the Magdeburg fashion designer Heinz Bormann, who went into business with a couple of sewing machines salvaged from his father-in-law's bombed-out factory. In 1962, when Bormann was seeking to expand, a law was passed which made private businessmen eligible for state loans, with the state entitled to share the profits. "I was suspicious at first," says Bormann, who is now 48. "I was afraid that some bureaucratic elephant would try to tell me how to run my business."

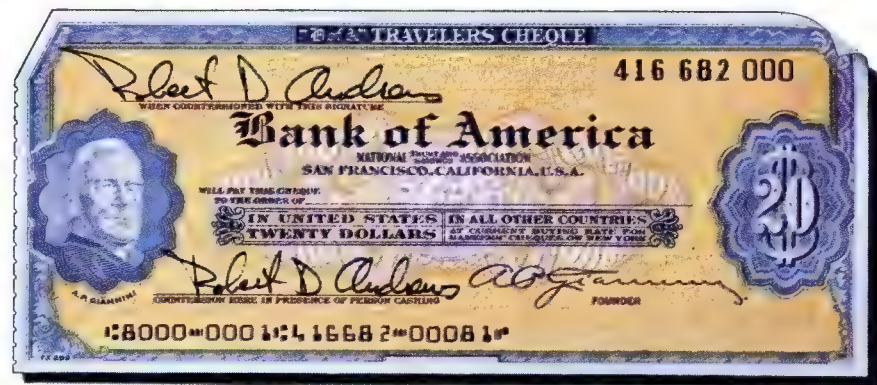
"But at last I decided to try, first because 'trust breeds trust,' second—and more important—because it seemed reasonable that if the state had an interest in my business, I'd be more likely to get consideration when it came time to distribute material in short supply."

Bormann now maintains three

CONTINUED



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Try handling a new Asahi Pentax SPOTMATIC with gloves or mitts on! Here's the 35 mm camera that's compact and lightweight with a built-in Through-The-Lens light meter, and you'll be amazed at the ease of operating its functionally located controls!

The SPOTMATIC is a Single-Lens Reflex camera you can actually view, focus, compose and also adjust for exposure — all through the taking lens. Behind the lens is an infallible CdS (Cadmium Sulfide) exposure computing system powered by a button-sized mercury battery. All you do is flip the light meter switch on, then align the needle in the pentaprism viewfinder. You're assured wonderful pictures because you get perfect exposures on every shot, for *the meter reads only what the lens sees*.

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Has the 'miracle' reached its limit?

EAST GERMANY

CONTINUED

homes, two imported cars and a motor launch. His fashion house, East Germany's No. 1, is still expanding and, according to Bormann, the state has remained an absolutely silent partner.

"Last year," Bormann says, "Chairman Walter Ulbricht gave a dinner for us 'state partners.' Toward the end a guest said, 'Mr. Ulbricht, what I'd like to know is what we have to look forward to five, 10, even 25 years from now?'"

"He said, 'I expect you men to be making even more money — for yourselves, of course, but also for the state.'"

Bormann grinned and added: "The last thing in the world I would want to do is read Mr. Ulbricht's mind, but I got the definitive impression that as long as men like myself are aiding the economy we are in little danger of nationalization."

Throughout the G.D.R., Crane and I thought we were noticing a kind of coming of age. The reception we got at Rostock may have been symptomatic. Once our credentials had been examined, we were taken directly to the Baltic port with no mention of security, despite intense activity along the docks and Russian vessels unloading. Occasionally we were stymied by bureaucratic idiocy (cashing a traveler's check usually required the services of three tellers). But no restrictions were put on our movements, and if our interpreters were supposed to keep tabs on Crane and me, God help one of them. This chap, who shall remain nameless, was always finding excuses to leave us: he had to see his wife, an old flame was in town or the liquor store was closing and he was out of schnapps.

Even the most vehement dissenting East Germans we met admitted that they enjoyed considerable freedom of expression. "I wouldn't have dared to talk to you this way 10 years ago," said one old-age pensioner. "They would have locked me up and thrown away the key." He had been sounding off on East German newspapers.

"You know what I do with these newspapers?" the old fellow asked. "I turn immediately to the obituaries. I see that Schultz the butcher is dead. 'I

must remember to send flowers to poor Frau Schultz,' I tell myself, and then I use the paper to start the fire.

"The papers always say the same things: the Americans are murderers and the West Germans are Nazis. I have a daughter and three grandchildren in the States, in Florida, and a son in West Berlin. Do you expect me to believe the filth I read?"

His face reflected his regret when he said, "It is a heavy thing that I can no longer visit my daughter in America. But," he went on, "this government lets people over 65 travel freely to West Berlin. They figure if we run away, the other side will have to support us. Do you know what we call it when us old ones crowd into the train for West Berlin? The Zombie Express."

One subject on which East German thinking cannot be ascribed entirely to official propaganda is neo-Nazism in West Germany. Even East Germans unsympathetic with their government are disquieted by the emergence of right-wing elements in the Federal Republic—and by the failure of the Bonn government to repudiate them categorically. So East Germans despair of a reunified Germany in the foreseeable future.

There are other reasons for gloom. Seventy-two percent of their trade is with soft-currency Socialist nations, and more than half of that is with the Soviet Union—on Soviet terms. Russia pays what it wants to pay for G.D.R. products and sets her own prices for raw materials like oil, which East Germany's new industry must have to survive. Despite individual export successes like that of Designer Heinz Bormann, it is difficult to see where a hard-currency base of "breeding capital" is to come from. Other Warsaw Pact nations show interest in doing business with West Germany, and Romania, to the dismay of the East German government, has even established diplomatic relations with Bonn. The U.S., of course, has no interest in diplomatic or economic relations with the G.D.R. And so, despite their economic progress, the East Germans wonder how much further they can go.

And over everything in the G.D.R. looms the shadow of the Wall, which every year looks more solid and more permanent.

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Vermouth on the rocks

The drink that HAS taste

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And don't forget...

Martini & Rossi Extra Dry for silken smooth Martinis,
Martini & Rossi Sweet for superb Manhattans

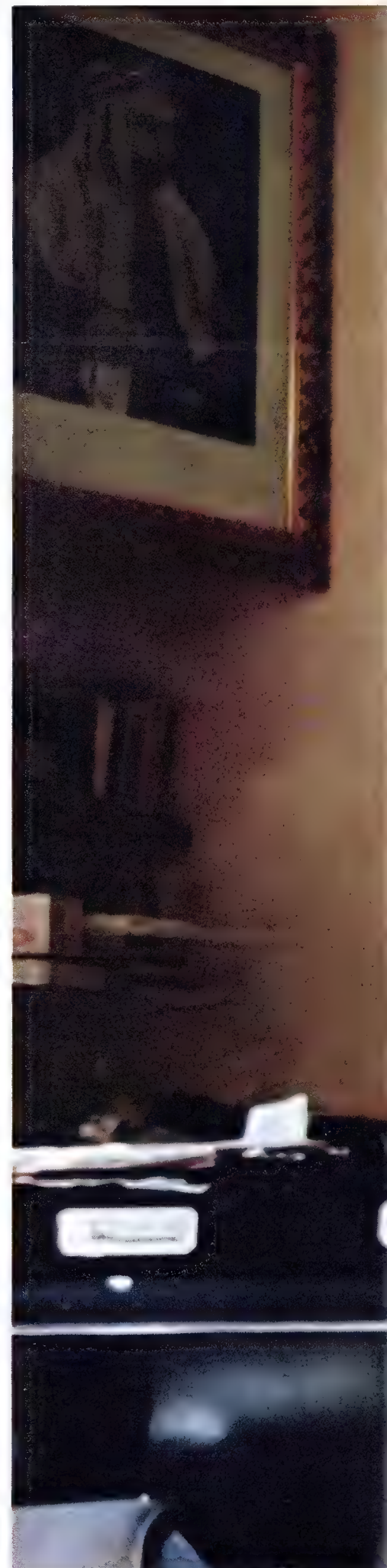


SSmoke billows from King Abdullah Bridge across the Jordan River, which Israelis dynamited to cut the highway linking Jerusalem and eastern Jordan. Many of these bridges were blown before the cease-fire to keep Jordanian reinforcements from the front.

As the Arab nations sought to win back with shrill words what they had lost on the battlefield, one leader emerged with a measure of tragic dignity—31-year-old King Hussein of Jordan (*right*). In the face of sure defeat his Arab Legion had fought with valor and his country suffered the heaviest casualties of the war—15,000 dead. Jordan also lost the Old City of Jerusalem and the bulge of land west of the Jordan River, an area it had controlled since the 1948 war with Israel. Further complicating Hussein's difficulties, refugees were streaming from the captured areas into the shrunk Jordan homeland.

Until about a month ago Hussein had steered a moderate course in the madcap Middle East and was the staunchest Arab friend of the U.S. Then, under fierce pressure from the 653,000 Palestinian refugees who make up one-third of Jordan's population, Hussein signed a defense alliance with Nasser, who had so often promised him the fate that befell Hussein's cousin Feisal, the Hashemite King of Iraq murdered in a Nasser-instigated coup in 1958. When war came Hussein refused to break relations with the U.S., was the first Arab ruler to accept the U.N. cease-fire and talked quietly of peace. When he appeared in public for the first time after his defeat, the cheering crowds hoisted him—car and all—onto their shoulders.

Hussein gets a light from his uncle and bodyguard, Sherif Nasser (no kin to Egypt's Nasser). Portrait on wall at left is Hussein's grandfather, King Abdullah, who was assassinated in 1951. Below, Hussein studies map with his brother, Prince Mohammed.



In Jordan, a Defeated King



Hussein Keeps His Dignity

Speaking in a low, monotonous voice, Premier Kosygin told an emergency session of the United Nations that Israel should be condemned. During Abba Eban's reply he left.

Argument Indeed: Soviet

In the wake of the war, as Arab soldiers and refugees made their way from the scenes of defeat, the Soviet Union came to the U.N. to recapture the face it had lost in the Mideast. Premier Aleksei Kosygin arrived at the head of a 66-man delegation in an argumentative mood and soon found a taker in Israel's Abba Eban. Kosygin let fly at Israel and its "imperialist" backers (i.e., Britain and the U.S.) in an uncompromising speech to the General Assembly (excerpted below). He sought Assembly approval for a resolution that would condemn Israel as sole aggressor in the Mideast conflict. Kosygin wanted

Premier Kosygin

The Soviet Union does not recognize the territorial seizures of Israel and "will undertake all measures within its power" both inside and outside the U.N. to eliminate "the consequences of aggression." The Israelis are guilty of "unprecedented perfidy" for "unleashing the war" only hours after their government was "spreading profuse assurances of its peaceful intentions." Once war began, Israel arrogantly ignored the demands of the Security Council for an immediate cease-fire and continued to bomb "peaceful Arab towns."

Israeli "atrocities and violence" bring to mind "the heinous crimes perpetrated by the fascists during World War II." Israeli troops are burning villages, destroying hospitals and killing prisoners of war—"even women and children." The General Assembly must condemn Israel's "aggressive actions" and force her to withdraw from all conquered territory, return captured matériel and "restitute in full" damages suffered by the Arabs.



Accompanied by Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin,

Attack, Israeli Retort

Rebutting Kosygin, Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban eloquently accused Russia of aiding Arabs. Then he called for United Nations help to produce a permanent Middle East peace.

—as U.S. Ambassador Goldberg put it—to “run the film backwards” by forcing Israel to pull back at once to prewar borders, and even pay reparations to the Arabs. Foreign Minister Eban delivered a spirited defense (*below*) that went past rebuttal to blame Russia with helping set off the war.

Meanwhile, in Washington, President Johnson offered a moderate U.S. plan that would guarantee Israel's security and alleviate the now even more serious Arab refugee problem. He got a chance to discuss it with Kosygin when—after days of negotiation—the two men agreed to get together in Glassboro, N. J.

Foreign Minister Eban

Israel's choice was clear—“to live or perish, to defend the national existence or to forfeit it for all time.” The war actually began with Nasser's “blatant decision” to close the Strait of Tiran. “There is no difference . . . between murdering a man by slow strangulation or killing him by a shot in the head.”

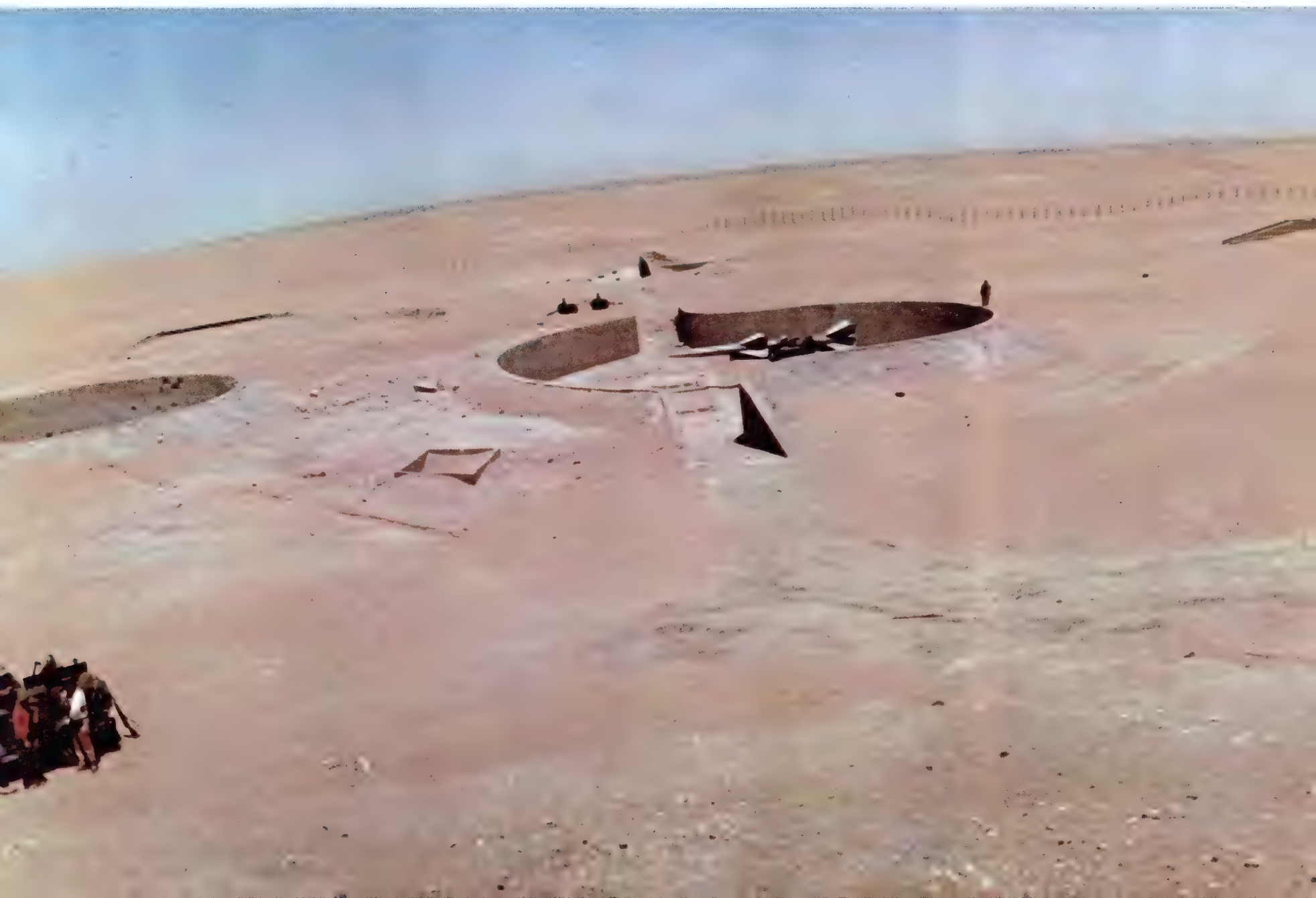
Russia comes to the U.N. “not as a judge or as a prosecutor, but rather as a legitimate object of international criticism.” It is guilty of inflaming passions in a Middle East “already too hot with tension,” by feeding the arms race and spreading false propaganda. The U.S.S.R. makes the “obscene comparison” of Israeli troops with German Nazis. But “our nation never compromised with Hitler . . . as did the U.S.S.R. in 1939.”

An Israeli pullback is “totally unacceptable” until after “durable and just solutions” are negotiated. The Arab states “have come face to face with us in conflict; let them now come face to face with us in peace.”



Kosygin's daughter Lyudmila attended debate

Russian Gifts Gone to Waste





According to Abba Eban's U.N. speech, Soviet military hardware worth an estimated \$2 billion was abandoned in Sinai. Much of it now is just burned-out debris, but enough to equip a small army was captured undamaged by the Israelis, including the most advanced MiG-21 fighters and late-model T-55 tanks. The most amazing booty of all, left behind by Egyptian troops in the Sinai desert, was an entire missile site (*left and below*) meant to guard the Suez Canal's southern entrance. The deserted base had radar guidance equipment and intact SA-2 Soviet surface-to-air missiles—identical to those used against U.S. aircraft in North Vietnam—ready for launching in protected revetments. The U.S.S.R. has already started to rebuild Arab military strength. Some 100 MiG fighters have been sent in crates to Egypt, and when President Nikolai Podgorny went to Cairo to confer with Nasser last week, he took along the Soviet chief of staff.





Arab Stragglers on the Sinai Sands



On wheels, nothing moves that is not Israeli in the vast Sinai desert. The virtual demolition by Israel's French-made jets of several thousand Egyptian army tanks, half-tracks and trucks stranded the defeated Arabs on foot. Parched, sun-scarred stragglers who once were soldiers limped across 150 miles of dunes toward the waters of the Suez Canal. Many had feet bandaged in rags to protect them from the fiery sands. At El Qan-

tara, on the canal's eastern shore (above), prisoners awaited the ferries to carry them across to the Egyptian-occupied bank. Israeli troops provided ambulances and medical aid, and the International Red Cross chartered planes to fly nearly 100 of the most seriously wounded to Cairo. With thousands of Egyptian troops already repatriated, Israel offered to exchange 4,500 more for the nine Israeli soldiers said to be held in Egypt.

Arab refugees, holding infants and bundles, inched their way across the Jordan River on blown-up Allenby Bridge at Jericho to reach Jordanian-held territory on the east bank.





THEATER

Leslie, a Cool Bombshell

Shaking her tail feathers or doing a svelte leap, Leslie Uggams is the cutest contradiction on Broadway. In her first stage hit, *Hallelujah, Baby*, she conquers a long, grueling role, explodes brilliantly time after time like a string of firecrackers, and still keeps cool and calm. Written by Arthur Laurents (*West Side Story*), the show is a 60-year cavalcade of Negro race relations, with Leslie rising from housemaid to nightclub star, without aging a day. With bracing songs by Jule Styne, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, *Hallelujah, Baby* is sleek entertainment, but less spectacular than Leslie's own rise from Quiz Kid to the Broadway bombshell she has now become.



Leslie (far left) leads a flock of "Congo cuties" in a Harlem hoofing number, evoking the Cotton Club



revues of the 1920s. As decades roll by in the play, Leslie goes on to 1940 Army shows, 1950 swank floor shows,

In a detonating rock 'n' roll ballet of the 1960s, Leslie in her miniskirt joins a bunch of jumping jills in mod

togs. By now Leslie has her fame and wealth, and she looks ahead to winning better days for her people.



*After the show
she is Mrs. Pratt*

In her dressing room Leslie rushes into her street clothes, not taking time to remove makeup. Briskly but warmly, she greets well-wishers who crowd in. Now she is not Leslie Uggams but Mrs. Grahame Pratt, waiting for her husband to take her home.

by TOM PRIDEAUX

Someday they may invent a computer capable of explaining the girl. First, it'll be fed the root facts about her family, the social forces around her, the stiff disciplines of her early career. Then, of course, she will have to sing into the machine, so it can analyze the cool-hot magic of her voice, and shake her feathers before its photoelectric eye. Finally, out of its electronic gizzard the computer will grind its report, "Leslie Uggams is the way she is because . . ."

But meanwhile, until such a contraption is built, it befalls an old-fashioned tangle of human circuitry like myself to see, hear and ponder the phenomenon of Leslie. I am glad. Why should a machine have all the fun?

From Leslie's mother, Juanita, who is still pretty enough to be her understudy, I learned about her family. Around 1930 Juanita used to be a dancer in New York's famous Cotton Club shows where whites and Negroes toddled together to *I'm Just Wild About Harry* and *Stormy Weather*. Leslie's father sang in the Hall-Johnson Choir and between hymns worked for the post office. In 1949, when she was 6, Leslie tried out for TV. She got the job—with Ethel Waters in *Beulah*—and did well enough to get more jobs.

By my nonelectronic computations this was crucial to her future. It conditioned her later attitude toward success and explains something that Betty Comden, one of the authors of *Hallelujah, Baby!* said a few days ago. "Leslie has a real feminine quality, a reserve. She never comes into a room yelling 'Honey baby' all over the place. Her nerves were never exposed to the frantic need of making good. She has the intelligence to trust other people."

Mercifully, Leslie escaped the frantic need of making good because in *Beulah* days she was already successful. Nobody spoiled her. They just took her for granted, and she's been calm and cool about her work ever since.

Leslie soaked up so much music from her family that she hippity-hopped from being a kiddie singer to winning \$25,000 on the *Name that Tune* quiz show. "But so what?" thought Leslie. She really wanted to grow up to be a nurse or detective, a bigtime do-gooder. "I was always willing to feed

the neighborhood children," she says, "or roll carriages." Later she hoped to go to college and major in psychology. But when she was 17, she joined *Sing Along with Mitch*, won a national popularity poll and decided to stay put in show business.

By the time she was winding up her four-year stint with Mitch—at \$3,500 per show—Leslie at 21 had piled up more experience than any girl singer of her age in the U.S. She had hit the borscht circuit and the chic clubs, cut three record albums, guest-starred all over New York. And still no tantrums, no bitchiness—still the same at-ease-with-success Leslie.

More than most young singers, Leslie is boss of her own voice. At her command it belts, pleads,

whispers, rings out clear as a fire alarm. She packs meaning into her words and respects the alphabet. She holds her vowels lovingly, makes her Ss excitingly sibilant and exhales a breathy sexiness into her Hs. In her recent recording of *Inka Dinka Doo*, her voice croons like a tenor sax, and in one of her show's best songs, *Talking to Yourself*, her O-sounds ("Go for broke") seem to open with a steady glow and then crackle into flame.

In 1963, Leslie accepted a nightclub engagement in Sydney, Australia. There she was eyed from the audience by a handsome young Australian named Grahame Pratt. He rushed backstage to introduce himself, then asked Leslie to meet his parents. They

No Frantic Need for Making Good



Leslie at 8 (left) sang a swiny spiritual at Baltimore's first Negro TV station. Below, upon graduating from school, where she was president of student body, Leslie was greeted by prominent trustees: opera star Risë Stevens and president of Columbia Records, Goddard Lieberson. At top, she danced with Mitch Miller at her wedding.



in turn invited her and Juanita—Leslie's constant traveling companion—to their home.

The romance developed rapidly. And when Leslie returned to Australia a year later on another tour, Grahame proposed. Facing an interracial marriage, Leslie says she considered briefly the problems of their children, their future, and resolved them simply by saying: "I love him and I want to be Mrs. Pratt." Grahame, after more extensive soul-searching, said he had overcome his disapproval of mixed marriages by realizing that all along,

CONTINUED

"I hadn't wanted to compete with a colored man for a white woman—which is probably the most gutless feeling any human can have."

One of the classic problems of any marriage, of course, is the mother-in-law problem. But in the case of the Pratt-Uggams alliance it took on a special configuration that must stand unique in the whole abusive history of mothers-in-law.

Eight months before the wedding, Grahame's father died, leaving his wife, Marguerite, a dainty and rather proper Anglo-Saxon, almost alone in the world. Her two daughters were already married. Her only son was not only going to New York to wed Leslie, but also planned to settle there. So Juanita Uggams decided that the widow needed to be "perked up," as she said, and invited Marguerite to visit her in New York.

The two mothers-in-law-to-be had a spree that went on for three months. Juanita led Marguerite to all the shows and movies and on shopping binges to buy glad rags for the wedding. Marguerite Pratt admitted to a yen for diamonds. So Juanita took her on frequent visits to Tiffany's, where the clerks came to know the two ladies so well that they jovially trotted out their shiniest stones for Marguerite to try on.

After the wedding at a Fifth Avenue church—Leslie and Grahame are both Presbyterians—the reception took place at The Waldorf-Astoria and was attended mostly by Leslie's show business friends. Aside from that, the high points of Marguerite's trip were a mink hat Juanita gave her for Christmas, and her first taste of pancakes which Juanita cooked for her. Along with these somewhat sybaritic tastes, the mothers-in-law also shared a passion for house plants. When Marguerite returned to Australia, she sent Juanita a set of garden tools.

Almost as soon as they decided to marry, Leslie and Grahame talked about having children, and in their new apartment they have a room set aside for a nursery. Grahame, who works now in a top New York brokerage, says, "I'm going to make damned sure they have the right education. I want our boys to go to my school, Scots College in Sydney." Leslie wants the girls to stay in the U.S.

Outwardly, Leslie's marriage and career seem too good to be true—just as most of her life has been. She grew up in the one profession in America, show business, where Negroes are most appreciated. She was educated at the Professional Children's School, a successfully integrated private school, and could work, play and date easily with white children. Leslie was an exceptional girl in

an exceptional situation, but her story contains enough general truths to merit the sociologists' attention. She has shown what a talented and intelligent Negro can do if given a fair chance.

And yet, it isn't all roses ahead. It's hard for Negro stars to get work on Broadway or in movies—there just aren't enough dramatic roles for them. So about the only way they can perform

steadily is to tour the big night-clubs—which disrupts home life.

Here Leslie faces a problem which I don't think any computer, or I, can solve. But if it worries her, she never shows it. Her husband, in fact, has been nagging her lately to uncork her emotions and let them rip, until the other day she blew up and called him a fink. It made them both very happy.

Fond in-laws of an in-love couple



At the wedding reception in The Waldorf-Astoria, the bridegroom's mother, Marguerite Pratt, sat between Leslie's mother, Juanita Smith (right), and Juanita's mother, a former teacher. Below, in their Manhattan apartment, Leslie and Grahame fondle Australian silky Tidge on Spanish supersize bed. Thor, a spotted Great Dane, takes his doleful ease on a sheepskin rug.





Via Veneto, Rome.

Stimmt es, was man über die Italiener sagt?



... dass die Italiener warmherzige, freundliche, charmante und abenteuerlich veranlagte Menschen sind? Ja ... stimmt genau !!! Sie haben Amerika entdeckt. Und jetzt entdecken sie auch amerikanischen Whiskey ... genau gesagt: Bourbon ... noch genauer gesagt: *Old Grand-Dad* Bourbon. Auf den Yachten vor Capri und an der Via Veneto konnten wir feststellen: bei italienischen Gastgebern erfreut sich *Old Grand-Dad* zuneh-

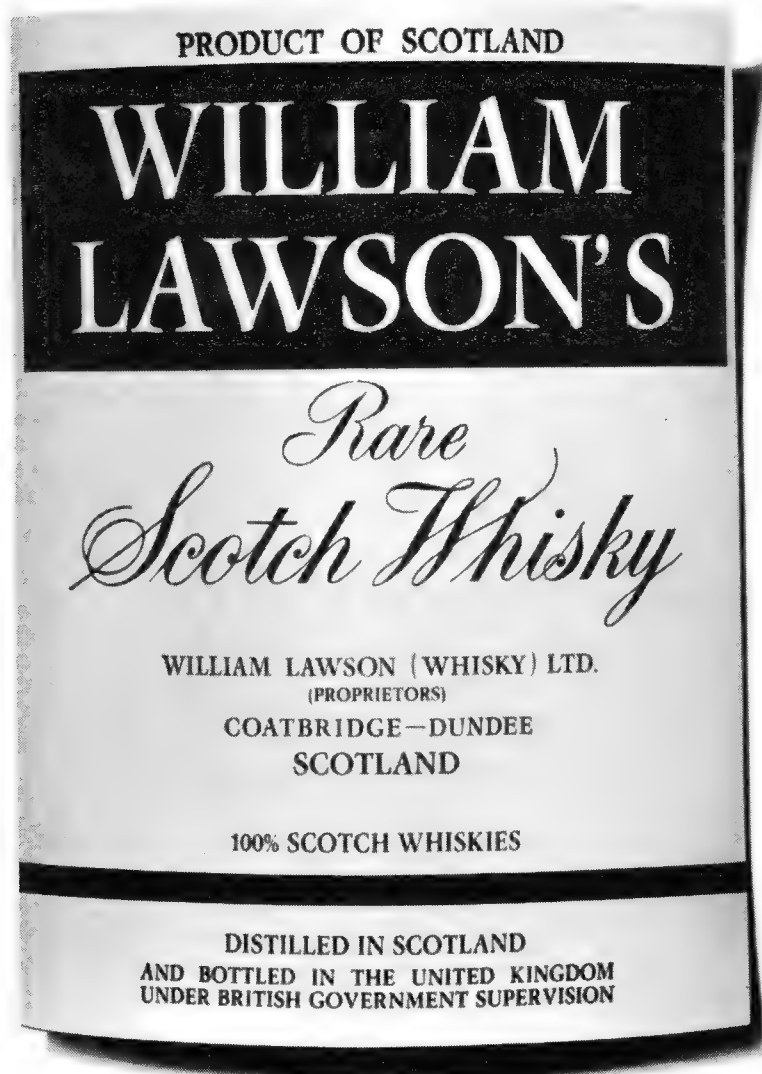
mender Beliebtheit. Kein Wunder !!! Bourbon ist ein besonders ausgeprägter Whiskey, ohne "rauchigen" Geschmack, und mit einem trockenen, vorzüglichen Aroma. Und *Old Grand-Dad* ist "das Oberhaupt der Bourbon-Familie". Bei der nächsten Gelegenheit ... genießen Sie 'mal *Old Grand-Dad* ... im Cocktail oder Highball*.—Sie müssen kein Italiener sein, um diesen berühmten "Amerikaner" schätzen zu können.

**Old Grand-Dad Sour:* ½ Teelöffel Zucker, Saft einer Zitrone, 2 cl. *Old Grand-Dad* Bourbon. Mit Eis schütteln, und Kirsche hinzugeben. *Old Grand-Dad "on the rocks":* 2 cl. *Old Grand-Dad* in ein kurzes Glas über Eis gießen. Mit Sodawasser oder Wasser Glas auffüllen.

OLD GRAND-DAD BOURBON

...der Amerikanische Whiskey mit der "ausgeprägten" Note!

code sir!
 the barman
 said sotto voce.
 Easy enough to solve
 for a William Lawson's
 sleuth like yourself. Keeps
 it hidden from the mob though.
 Very necessary. William Lawson's
 is rare stuff. A large one sir, while it's here?

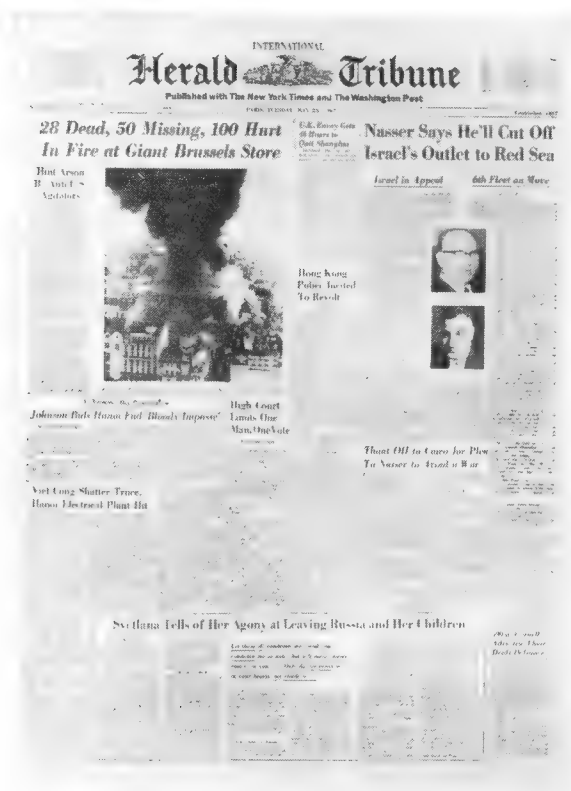


 William Lawson's Whisky,
 blended from the finest malts of
 Scotland's Highland Distilleries



USA : Major Liquor, 669 South Third Avenue, Mount Vernon, N.Y. . U.K. : Emandar Ltd, Martini House, Gt West Rd., Brentford, Middx . France : 19, Avenue Michelet, 93, St-Ouen . Belgium : 108, Rue van den Boogaerde, Brussels 2 . Spain : Rambla de Catalunya 1, Barcelona . Portugal : Avenida Infante D. Henrique, Lote 312, Lisbon . Holland : Verrijn Stuartlaan 32, Rijswijk (Z-H)

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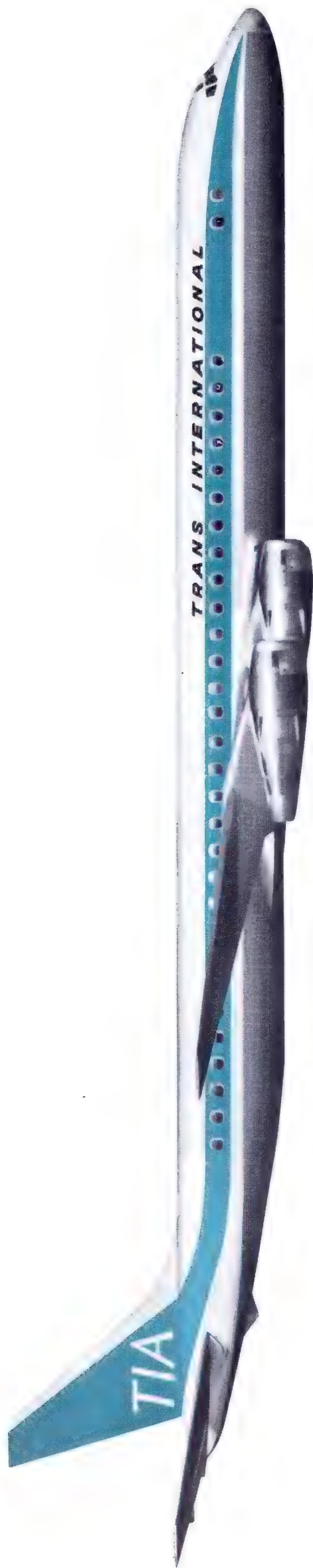


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A printed filmy chiffon dress by Dior-New York (\$495) is worn with an enveloping stole that is adrift in matching ostrich feathers. This outfit and others shown on these pages mark a new summer trend to lavishness in clothes designed for late-day wear.



Fashion /

Luscious Plumage for a Showy Summer

Photographed by GORDON PARKS

Evening coat by Norman Norell (\$3,150) is made of massed petals of anemones. Each flower is handmade of silk and it takes 1,200 of them for this one design. Norell shows it over a silk dress worn with his classic pumps.



An extraordinary use of flowers is in this waist-length fur jacket designed by Emeric Partos for Bergdorf Goodman (\$2,750). The flowers are mink cut out in petal sections and assembled on the green-dyed mink background.



A pink chiffon short evening dress by John Moore (\$465) with a swath of ruffles on the hem is wrapped in a boa of ostrich feathers. Once a popular accompaniment to dress-up dressing, boas are having a revival.





Designers who cater to the rich have finally figured out a way to make summer as expensive as winter. The answer is feathers and flowers—the more lavish and luxurious the better. There was a time when feathers were considered appropriate only for the panoply of winter opera premieres and grand galas. But as summer enthusiasts point out, feathers make as much sense, to say nothing of show,

in hot weather when their fluff is not hidden under heavy wraps. Flowers, of course, are a traditional summer motif, but usually in prints, not in the stylish garden that comes from the use of masses of silk petals or dyed and cut-up mink. All of this kind of luxury comes high—not just in the cost of acquisition, but also at the cleaner's, who has to double as a gardener and a gamekeeper.

A season for flower and feather to flock together

Extravaganza of romantic ruffles

Yards of silk organza are ruched into a mass of feathery petals to make the capelet and deep border of the skirt on a dress by George Halley (\$695). Earrings are by K J L.



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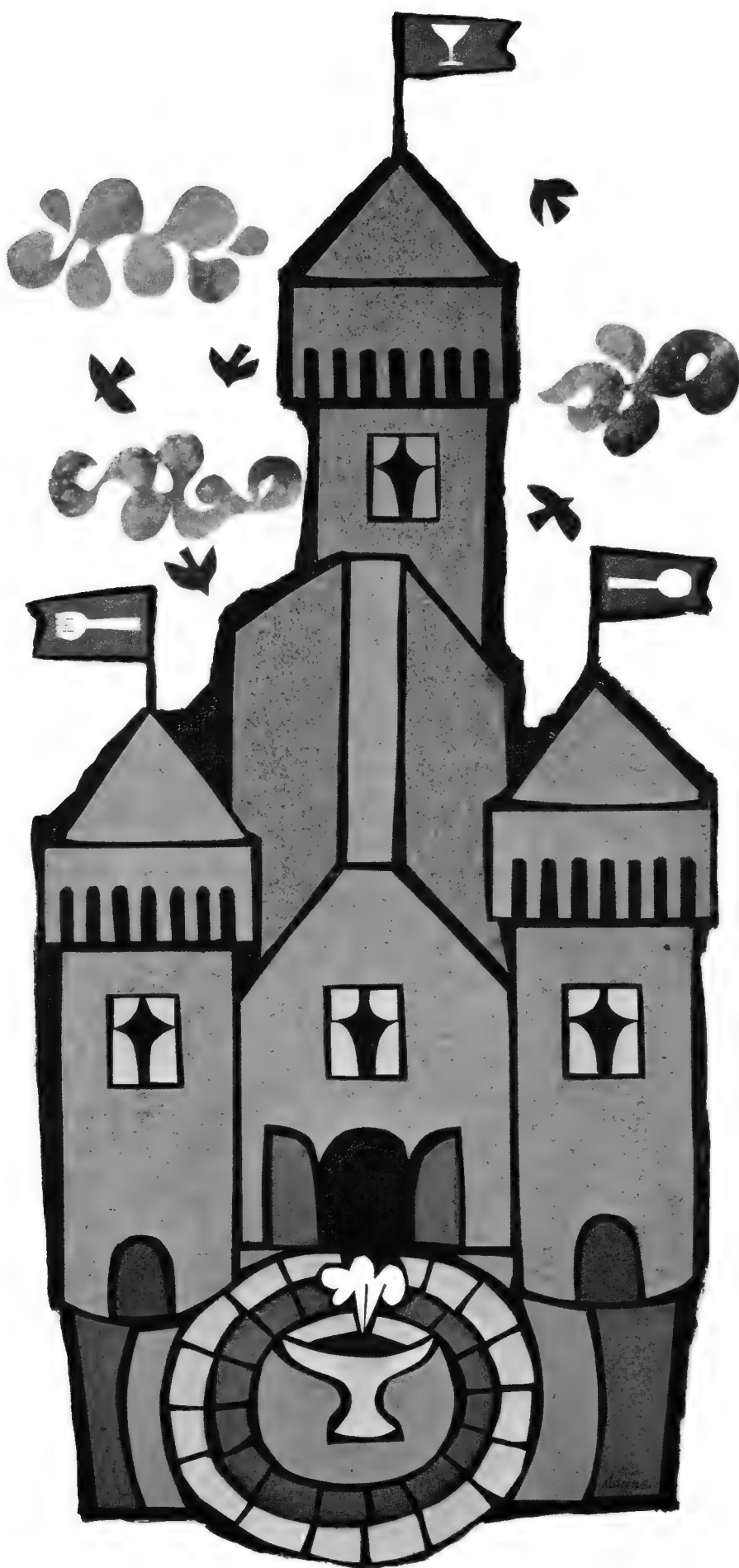
Eye-fooling Furniture

The see-through, almost ectoplasmic chair above exemplifies a trend in optical-illusion furniture and gives the sitter the sensation of curling up on a puff of cloud. Consisting of sausage-shaped inflatable cushions in clear plastic supported by an all-but-invisible frame of Lucite, it sells for \$85 and can be used indoors or on the patio. The chair is the creation of a 28-year-old New York sculptor named Phil Orenstein, whose Mass Art manufacturing firm also turns out some less expensive colored versions with aluminum frames. Should the chair spring a leak due to a cigaret spark, you can get a new cushion for \$5 and use your vacuum cleaner to billow it up with that cheapest of all upholstery stuffing, air.



On a clear day in *this* chair you can see and be seen forever—obviously just the thing for the newspaper reader with his own view of the news. Made of a single piece of clear Plexiglas, it is designed by a 30-year-old New York artist named Neal Small. The chair sells for \$275, and the matching stool-table is priced at \$60. Small's theory in making the pieces nearly invisible is that they will blend into any color scheme and never overpower a room or people. "Furniture," he says, "doesn't have to be dark and gloomy, like a whale that fell asleep in your living room."





WELCOMING HOMES

Welcomes are warm and frequent where LIFE International readers live. 81% of LIFE's 625,000 families entertain friends and business associates in their homes. With fine foods, fine beverages and stimulating conversation those who entertain host an average of four people each week.

FURNITURE CONTINUED

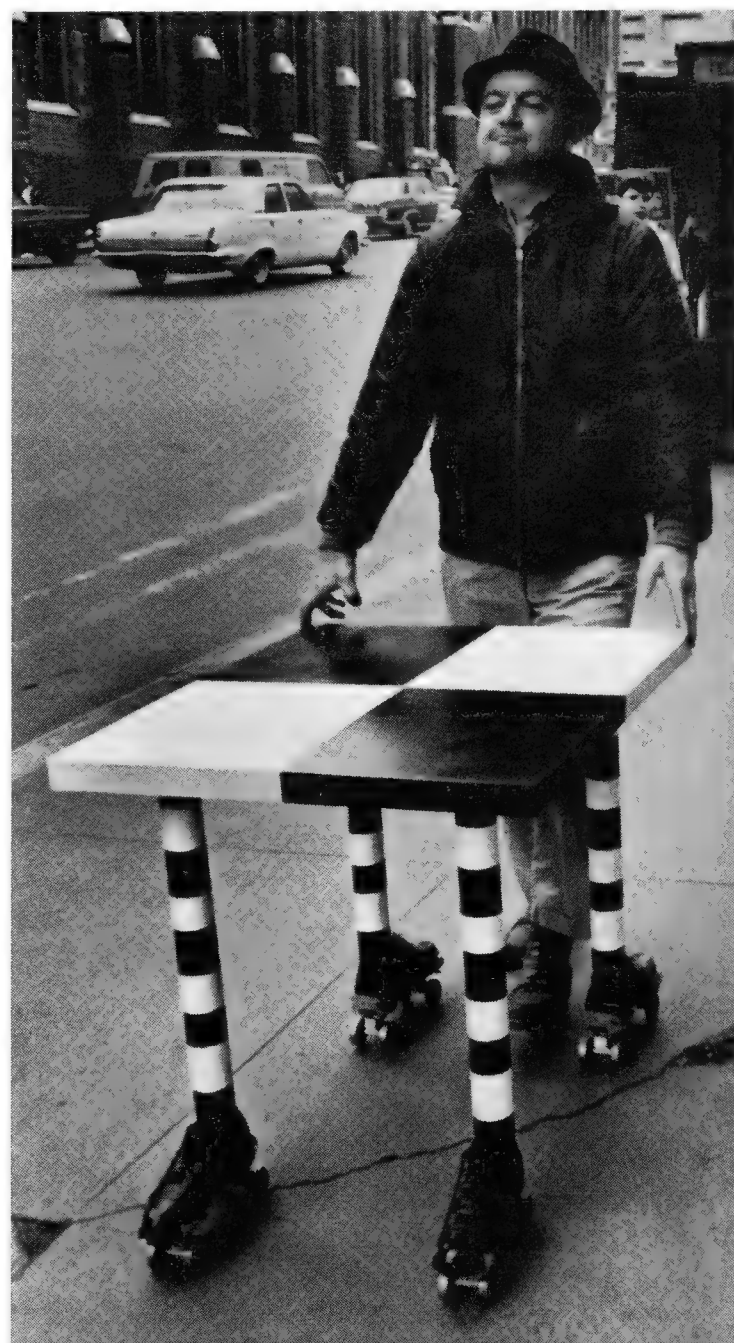
Pieces with built-in riddles and gags

Don't dismiss the aplomb of the moving man below as mere professionalism. As the items seen on the preceding pages show, there is a new whimsical and light-hearted approach to furniture design, and the fellow is simply pleased to take it all in stride.

This skate-footed table below is one of a variety of utilitarian jests being turned out by Fluxus, a loosely knit group of young New York artists whose hope is to tap the market of the great American sense of humor—at prices that don't take away all the fun. They want to break away from traditional furniture—and stereotyped modern—to make objects which not only are useful and decorative but also contain their own built-

in sight gags. The most expensive item—at \$300—is a vertigo-inspiring rug with a downward view of an elevator shaft. Most of the pieces consist of ordinary inexpensive furniture parts ingeniously decorated to create a surrealistic effect when people use them. For example, there is a bridge-table top laminated with a photograph of bare female legs. The joke is complete when a man in a gray flannel suit sits down, his own feet invisible under the table and his torso next to the female legs. Some pieces pose riddles: an end table is covered with clock faces, each telling a different time. To find out what time it really is, you have to spot the one working clock among them.

This freewheeling table is especially handy for a fast getaway. To lock the skate wheels in place, all you do is give the striped legs a quarter-turn.



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Your family will also like this preparation



James Burrough's stroke of genius

How one man's fine palate made Beefeater today's top London export gin . . .
sipped, savoured and cherished from Tenerife to Tahiti

Like all the best ideas in the world, the recipe for Beefeater was the creation of one man. James Burrough.

In the blaze of his inspiration one autumn over a hundred years ago, he committed his remarkable new recipe for gin to the pages of a small leather-bound book—a book we mention with quiet veneration for Beefeater is still made the same way today.

James Burrough's recipe demanded and still demands ingredients of the noblest and the rarest kind. Ripe junipers from the high Italian slopes. Plump oranges from the valleys of Seville. Angelica from Belgium. And finest Coriander from the English county of Essex. All these are subtly blended with a host of delicate herbs and spices gathered in the remotest corners of the world.

But a gin does not achieve greatness with ingredients alone. First there's the crystal-clear spring water that James Burrough stipulated so strictly for his new gin. Then the pure London spirit, clear and clean so that not a trace of alien flavour disturbs the final delicate taste.

That's why we still insist that Beefeater be distilled no less than three times—in the hand-beaten copper stills in which the finest gin has always been prepared (incomparable even today). And at every stage, the sharp-eyed stillman patiently watches, sampling with constant care to ensure the utter perfection of the distillation.

As for the final blend, the secret formula has been carefully guarded in the Burrough family these many generations. Today it is known only to six staunchly silent men.

And as you sip your glass of Beefeater, it is pleasing to reflect that the subtly dry, enticingly light taste is the same as that which so enthralled James Burrough over a century ago. Today you'll find Beefeater quietly but persuasively presiding over occasions everywhere, bringing together places as diverse as Tenerife and Tahiti.

But isn't it time you tried the gin with a stroke of genius?



BEEFEATER GIN

distilled from pure grain London spirit by the Burrough family for over a century

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Who takes care of the people who take care of babies? In a small way our new 9" Sony portable TV does. Big enough for everybody to enjoy at home, it's little enough to go anywhere you take the baby. Then you can sit back and be entertained by the nursemaid's nursemaid, the nanny's nanny, the amah's amah, the cozy companion of those who stay awake while infants sleep. This

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The Mother's Helper Helper Sony® 9" TV



As every Pickwickian jolly well knows, Charles Dickens' favorite literary prop was the English stagecoach. Without this magnificently adventurous vehicle, Mr. Pickwick would never have got anywhere, geographically or literarily, and a good many other Dickens characters spent a lot of time bouncing around on top of a four-in-hand, or recovering in the warmth and fellowship of a coaching inn.

For years, while my more forward-looking contemporaries have been enthralled with fast cars, faster airplanes and, more recently, the heady prospects of space travel, I have had a secret dream, undoubtedly inspired by reading too much Dickens. In it, I would clamber to the top of a coach-and-four and, there protected from the English weather by great capes and good company, would go clapping down an old English road to the warm fire and strong drink of an old English inn. The dream was three-dimensional in literary images: of the guard on the back of the coach resplendent in scarlet tail coat and top hat, blowing a long brass horn to announce our departure; of the coachman, a weather-wizened figure in fur-collared greatcoat, calling, whip in hand, "Watch yer 'eads! 'Eads

*From London
to Stratford with
Pickwick's ghost*

Back 140 Years on Board a Coach-and-Four

by THOMAS A. DOZIER



down everybody," as we trotted out of an innyard under a low arch; of the sturdy pull of four noble horses for miles and miles until the steam rose in the English rain from their heated bodies; and, most of all, of the hullabaloo of arriving at a centuries-old inn named The George, or The White Hart, or The Saracen's Head, where a hearty landlord would cry in a hearty voice, "Lights in the sun, John; make up the fire—the gentlemen are wet." The fire would burn brightly, the ale would flow freely, the traveling companions would re-live the experiences of the day, even possibly including a near-accident or two, and in the end, well warmed, well eased with alcohol and solid fare, everybody would go off to the snugest of old English beds.

It was a good dream, but like most fantasies nothing that you would want to put to the test of reality. Therefore, when early this year a British outfit embarrassingly calling itself "18th Century Travel Limited" announced that come spring they would start regular stagecoach runs from London to Stratford-on-Avon, I shuddered. It was obviously a tourist trap. A call to the impresarios confirmed my fears. The project was intended to appeal to Americans, presumably the only people silly enough to put out £50 for a three-day, bone-jarring ride in what undoubtedly would turn out to be miserable weather. Describing the joys of Runnymede ("where Britain's memorial to John F. Kennedy stands"), Eton ("the famous old school"), Royal Windsor ("where Queen Elizabeth II's ancient castle dominates the town"), "the university town of old Oxford" and "Sir Winston Churchill's burial place at Bladon," the company's brochure added: "The all-inclusive price for all this . . . ? One hundred and fifty dollars! Brochures and booking forms are now being sent to selected American travel agents."

Not for me. My dream would have to remain just that. Then I got an idea. Why not go along for laughs?

Accordingly, with my wife as a paying passenger, I reported at 8:30 a.m. on an ominously overcast spring morning outside 18th Century Travel Limited's London offices in Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1. We were to be taken by chartered bus to Runnymede for sightseeing, then on to a nicely named pub, The Bells of Ouzeley, at Old Windsor, where we would

mount our coach-and-four for Stratford. As the double-decker lumbered westward through London's traffic-packed streets, there was time to size up our fellow passengers. They consisted of a husband and wife from Los Angeles and two sisters from Wellesley, Massachusetts.

This complement seemed promising enough for satirical treatment, and indeed we did get off to a silly start. Between London and Runnymede, the bus became hopelessly lost, and we never got to see the Kennedy memorial or the place where the barons diddle King John. Running an hour late, the bus driver wisely decided to skip Runnymede and head for The Bells of Ouzeley at Windsor.

It was as we turned in at the sign of The Bells that the cynicism began to give way to pleasant illusion. For there in the coachyard of The Bells stood our coach-and-four, high and proud, painted a shining cream and black with red and black wheels. It was a real, refurbished stagecoach, called the Tantivy, which had made its last commercial trip on the London-to-Brighton run almost a century ago, and if she was more 19th than 18th Century, it seemed a small matter. In the traces champed four magnificent bays, tossing their heads and snapping their leather. On the box, reins in hand, sat John the Coachman, straight out of Dickens: top hat, fur collar, greatcoat, whip and all. Beside the coach stood David the Guard in red coat, white gloves and black topper, his coaching horn at the ready.

By the time we finished a whisky-



Down the Long Walk to Windsor Castle Tantivy rumbles (above), then goes to open country (left).

laced coffee in The Bells, the illusion was just about complete. We made our way to the coach through a crowd of coach-spotters, the first of hundreds we were to encounter. Men, women and children gazed longingly.

All passengers having chosen to ride outside, we mounted, and with a great toot from David's horn ("I'm only just learning how to blow this thing"), we moved off at a walk, which on the highway changed to a brisk eight-mile-per-hour trot.

We were waved off from The Bells, and as a little later we moved majestically through the town of Windsor, it seemed as though the whole populace turned out to wave us on. This phenomenon was to be repeated in every town and hamlet for the next 90 miles and three days. We all soon got the feeling that we were dignitaries, charged with the pleasurable duty of waving back at the adulatory masses. With no cynicism, but rather stating a fact, David the Guard observed: "By the time you get to Stratford, your arms will be almighty tired."

When we moved out on the highway from Windsor, we got our first taste of another fascinating relationship: that between an 8 m.p.h. coach-rider and the driver of a 60 m.p.h. motor vehicle. From the coach's roof, the rider looks down on all the world, but especially on frantic little motor cars. For most of the trip we led a motorcade: except for one or two businessmen obviously on their way to important appointments, nobody seemed to mind being delayed. Drivers and passengers leaned out of their cars, waved, cheered and sometimes almost

wrecked their vehicles in their concentration on the anachronism.

David the Guard had a fine system for dealing with the traffic problem, especially when we went clop-clopping down a two-lane road. Standing high on the rear of the Tantivy, he waved on, or warned, the cars queued up behind us.

By the time we arrived in Cookham for a fine lunch in a fine pub on that first day of travel, the Tantivy's passengers and crew were tentative friends. The atmosphere was something like that aboard ship. We were all in the same slow boat. It became obvious that whatever fun I was going to have with my fellow passengers was going to be subjective and not journalistic. The two sisters from Massachusetts, one a widow and the other a spinster, turned out to be charming traveling companions, game for anything, riding on top all the way in fair weather and foul, and as ready as anyone for a refocilitating drink at the bar. The Californians, Joe and Marcia Combs, were knowledgeable, sophisticated and traveled. Marcia Combs was a bit player in Hollywood films; stagecoaches were no novelty. "A covered wagon is much rougher," she observed at one point when John the Coachman let his team gallop down a country road.

John's grandfather and great-grandfather before him were coachmen and he has handled horses all his life. David the Guard was equally experienced: his grandfather was coachman for King Edward VII and his father a sergeant-major in the Hussars. Be-

tween them John and David made it seem to be the most natural thing in the world to be riding along in a coach-and-four.

By afternoon, we had become acquainted with even the horses by name and character: there was Cornwall, the nearside leader; Peter, the offside leader, who adjusted himself to Cornwall's every whim; and the sturdy, dependable wheelers, Sam and Rambler. ("A better pair of wheelers you'd never want to see," said John.)

I gave up all thought of satire and settled back to enjoy this somehow credible, somehow dignified Dickensian adventure. Even what came to be known among the Tantivy's passengers as "The In-

cident" was not at all laughable, but rather genuinely adventurous. It was on the way from Cookham to Henley-on-Thames. A huge black cloud that had loomed sullenly in the sky for an hour or so let go and poured rain over us in torrents. David broke out great black umbrellas and waterproof capes (although neither kept us from getting soaked). Suddenly a bolt of lightning and a sharp clap of thunder exploded in the road ahead. Cornwall reared, and snapped a rein. The whole charabanc took off at an alarming

CONTINUED



As horses clop-clop through a town, children trot alongside. In countryside, colts and dogs reacted in same manner.

An untimely end to a joyous dream

COACHING CONTINUED

speed, swerving to the wrong side of the road in the path of an oncoming car. As the car dodged around us, David jumped from his guard's seat, hit the road running (losing his black topper in the process), and got in front of the horses in time to stop them before we hit the verge opposite, which would surely have turned us over. As he brought the horses to a shaky stop, the steam rose from their sweating bodies into the English rain. We now had even our Pickwickian adventure to talk about in the evening.

That we did thoroughly after our arrival, drenched but happy, at the Little White Hart Hotel at Henley. The log fire blazed, the tea was strong, the whisky and ale plentiful, the conversation convivial, the dinner excellent and the beds comfortable. Mr. Pickwick never had it any better.

Up at 7:30 the next morning and after a rousing breakfast, we loaded up, David blew his horn and John shouted, "Mind yer 'eads. 'Eads down, everybody," as we rolled under the low arch at the entrance to the innyard. We were off for another day's run of 30 miles.

That day, as on the first and third, it was astounding how happy we made everybody who saw us. Busloads of tourists paused to wave, cheer and take photographs.

Schoolchildren on their playing fields ran squealing with delight along the roadside. Men working in the fields left off to beam and wave. In Oxford, through which we passed with a police escort, office girls leaned out of second-story windows to cheer us on. We were never laughed at; rather, people laughed with us.

The strangest behavior among the creatures we passed was that of the cows and horses. Each time we trotted abreast of a herd of sleeping or grazing cows, the animals arose, turned with lowered heads to stare, then romped off in a minor stampede. Horses in the fields perked up their ears, frolicked coltishly and ran along the road with us as far as the fences would allow. Dogs chased us, barking with delight. Pigs grunted, chickens cackled. All the world seemed to love a coach-and-four.

The second night was spent at The Bear Inn at Woodstock, hard by the magnificence of Blenheim Palace. The Bear, with wall-to-wall carpeting, room telephones and American-style private baths, was hardly Dickensian, but almightily comfortable.

The third day it rained hard as we boarded at The Bear. The two sisters from Massachusetts and the other ladies having insisted on riding on top despite the rain, Joe Combs and I decided to try the

coach's cozy inside. We gave it up at the first break, because we lost that grand sensation of superiority that we had on top.

The rain had stopped by the time we got to The Crown and Cushion at Chipping Norton for morning coffee-cum-whisky. Fires blazed at both ends of the long lounge bar, which presented a strange aspect: on every table and along the bar stood half-emptied pints of beer. Their owners had rushed out to see the coach, and anything that would take an Englishman away from his Saturday morning pint must be a rare sight indeed.

We trotted along in innocent euphoria to The George at Shipston-on-Stour, and sat down to a hearty lunch. While we were eating, our dream trip was coming to an untimely end. John discovered as he unhitched the horses for the lunchtime break that Rambler, our off-side wheeler, had a badly cut back leg. A local vet treated the wound and pronounced Rambler fit to trot the last 10 miles to Stratford. But an obstacle—one that certainly would not have been encountered in times past—developed in the shape of a gentleman from the R.S.P.C.A., who announced that

After runaway, David the Guard, hero of incident, holds frightened, steaming horses to quiet them.

Rambler would trot no more that day.

No provision having been made for relief horses on the last day (although we had changed teams for the previous day's run), there was nothing for it but to end the horse-drawn saga right there. We bundled into taxis—and back into the 20th Century—for the trip to Stratford.

It was a sad parting. We had become accustomed to one another and to the routine: the clop-clopping of the horses, the accents of John and David, the comfort of having everything laid on for us, the sense of superiority over all the world from our seats atop the coach, the joy of being the center of so much happy attention. Now we were just ordinary people, doomed to travel again in motorcars, trains or jets.

The Dickensian dream had ended. But while it lasted, it had certainly been fun being Mr. Pickwick.

The coach's first stop, at the Bel and the Dragon in Cookham, finds all aboard happy and expectant.



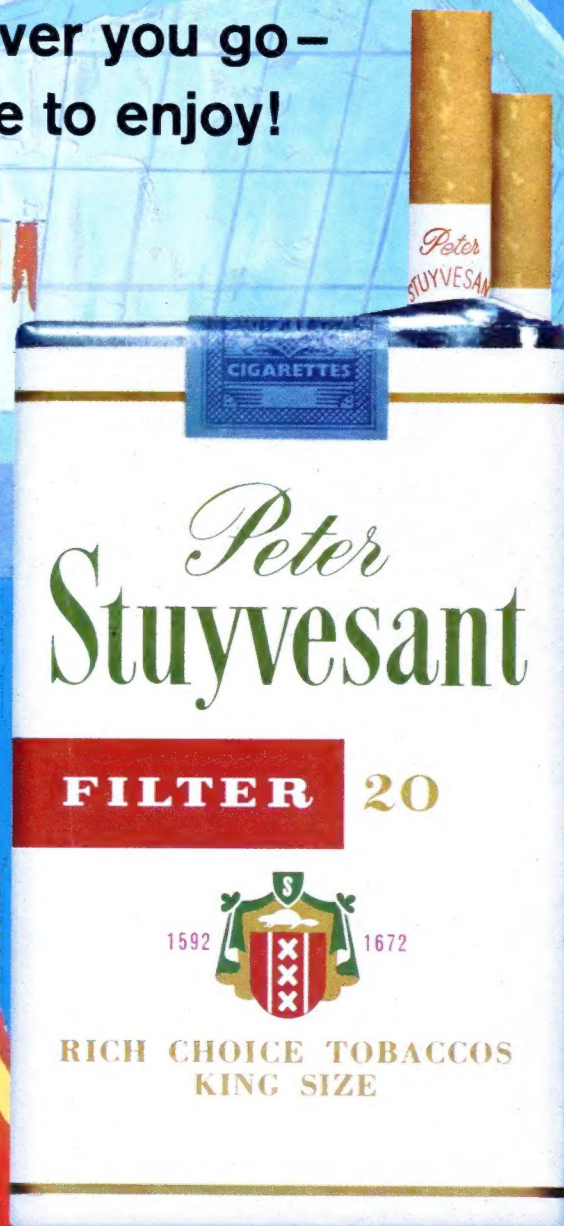
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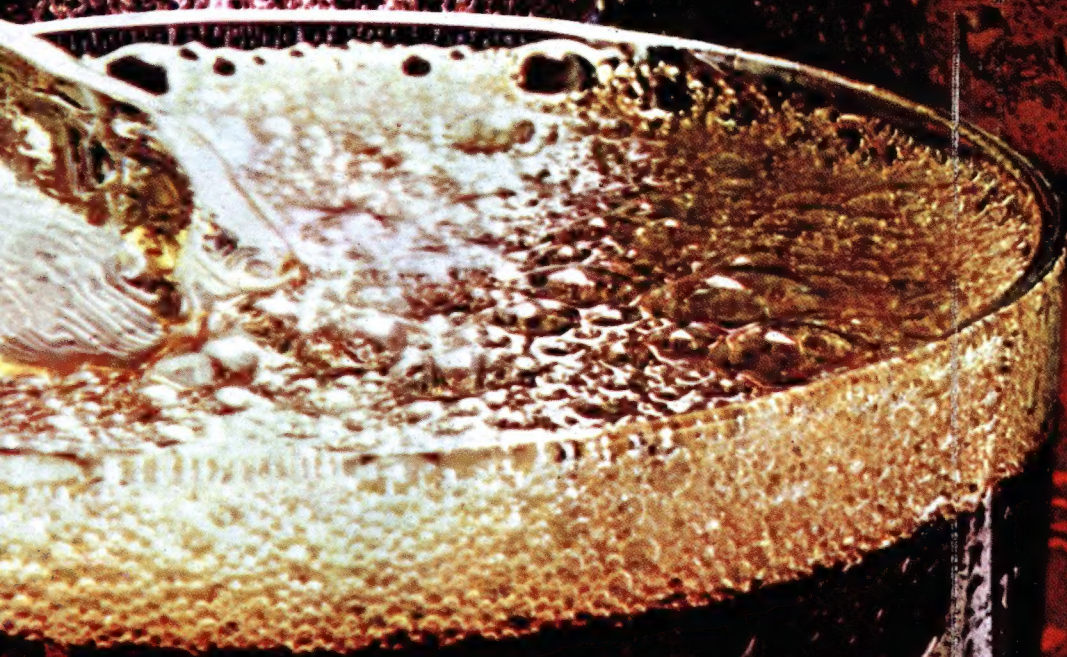


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